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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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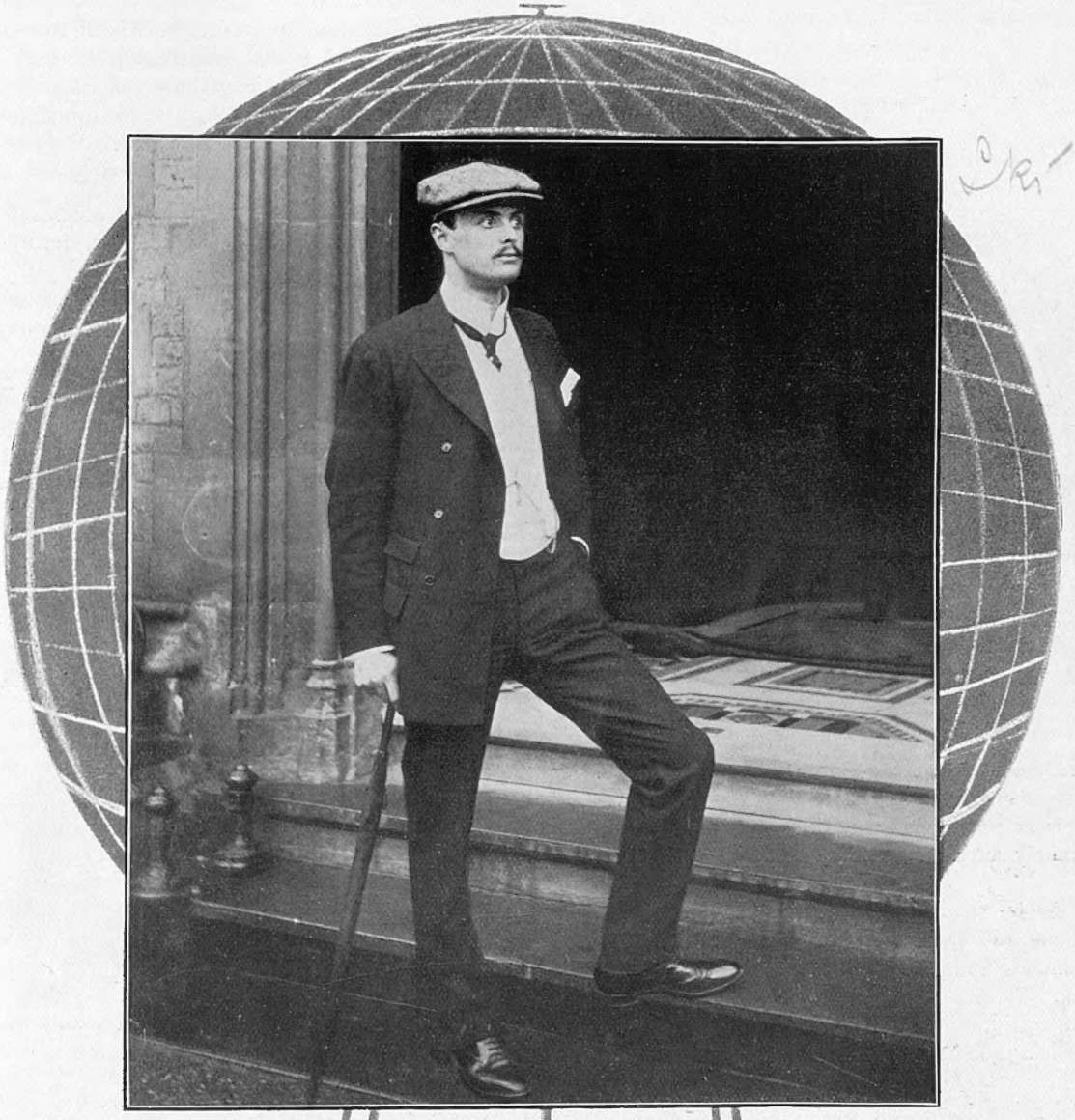


Photo Leonard Willoughby

"But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run."
—MILTON

THE HON. C. S. ROLLS

At the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Rolls has achieved fame as one of the world's pioneers of high-speed automobilism and of long-distance ballooning. Within one week, he was the winner of the Motor Derby (Tourist Trophy Race) and the Gold Medallist in the Gordon Bennett Balloon Race for the longest stay in the clouds

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
October 17, 1906

No Christmas Number of any periodical has yet been issued, and the delay is causing grave anxiety in the trade.

* * *

Ladybank was a recent rendezvous of the Suffragettes. It is to be hoped that the name of the place was not without some suggestive influence on the behaviour of the women.

* * *

"The Jungle" is to be put on the New York stage shortly, and packed houses are expected.

* * *

Now that the "silly season" is officially declared to be over, Parliament may with dignity resume work.

* * *

In the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe it is stated that Bismarck, at his last interview with the Emperor, "was very near throwing the inkpot at his head." A golden opportunity missed. Think of the price that inkpot might have fetched at Christie's!

(*Drawn by Norman Morrow*)

1ST SHOWMAN: "I never met anyone so wrapped up in her business as she is."
2ND DITTO: "What's her line?"
1ST DITTO: "Oh, she's a snake-charmer!"

* * *

The *Daily Mail* has been inviting the opinions of Mr. Geo. R. Sims, Dr. Emil Reich, and Mr. Edgar Wallace on the question of "Is vengeance right?" We were under the impression the matter had been definitely settled, some time ago, by the Divinity.

* * *

"As he swung past, the maniac made a terrific lunge at his back with the dagger, and only missed by inches," ran a graphic report in the *Star* last week. Twelve *inches*, however, make one foot, and then, again, thirty-six *inches* go to a yard. Still, a miss is as good as a mile.

* * *

Scientists have just discovered alcohol in many common vegetables and fruits. We do not wish to boast, but we ourselves have often suspected the gooseberry of champagne.

* * *

Mr. William Le Queux has left London for an adventurous journey through the Balkans, and has taken with him two trunk-loads of revolvers and daggers, a carboy of prussic acid, and all the latest Blue Books.

* * *

We may expect another clash of wit at the forthcoming Civic visit to Paris. Sir William Treloar has decided, we hear, to couple his Brussels carpets with M. Brousse's name, and the latter is busy polishing up an allusion to "la grande Morgue-an Britannique."

* * *

We hardly think it was quite fair of the Lady of Title publicly to rebuke the Bishop of Burnley for "peeping under the picture-hats" of Society butterflies in Hyde Park. Surely, a word in private to his Archbishop would have met the case.

* * *

We note that amongst the newly incarcerated at the Zoo is a specimen of *Chrysotis Festiva*, the "Festive Amazon." Though we have much sympathy with this latest move of Mr. Asquith's, yet we cannot help feeling that it was scarcely chivalrous to cage her next door to the "Wild Cats."

* * *

A Philadelphian pastor has formed the young, attractive, and unengaged girls of his congregation into a Church Ushers' Association, an innovation which is certainly verging on the right lines.

* * *

Mr. Haldane has consented to receive a deputation of the Women's Social and Political Union on the question of Woman Suffrage, if time permits, on the occasion of the Scottish Federation meeting at Peebles on October 13. Failing this, the deputation will meet Mr. Haldane on his return to London. There is a decidedly ominous ring about the last sentence.

(*Drawn by W. A. Monch*)

"Please, miss, I want six mutton pies, four scones, two rolls and butter, three cups of chocolate and three of tea, and a bath bun"

(*When she recovered, he added that the rest of the party were following.*)

* * *

A New York journal has replied to the remarks we made on canned meat some time recently:—

If THE BYSTANDER (it says) had read the English daily newspapers during the past six months, it would know that the slaughterhouses and jam factories of Great Britain are more filthy and are conducted with far more rascality and disregard for the public health than any food-producing establishment in the United States.

Editors of "English daily newspapers" who have been wondering how on earth they filled their columns during the late-lamented, uneventful summer, will be glad to have the matter set at rest in this decisive fashion.

RACING NOTIONS

"HOW THE CESAREWITCH WAS WON." By "CARBINE"

Mintagon's Fine Victory

Follow horses when they are in form. That is a maxim of the Turf which worked out well in the Cesarewitch. Mintagon had shown in the Great Ebor Handicap that he was in grander fettle than ever in his life before, and people who took note of that fact were among those who profited on Wednesday. THE BYSTANDER can take to itself the credit of having selected the winner of yet another important race, Mintagon having become our choice as soon as it was evident that St. Wulfram, having gone absolutely lame, would not be started. There may or may not be an inner history to this St. Wulfram business, but it is useless, of course, to discuss the curious affair in print. It is sufficient now to tell of Mintagon's fine victory. He proved himself to be the fittest horse in the race, and his success was very popular with the biggest crowd I have ever seen in the Newmarket enclosures. William I'Anson, the Malton trainer, has for some years been clean out of luck, so that this triumph will have been very sweet to him and his friends. I am told that a tremendous stake has been landed, the horse having been heavily backed from 33 to 1 downwards.

The finish of the Cesarewitch

The race was easily won by Mr. John Hill's Mintagon

The Horse's Owner—A Pathetic Touch

It was a great day for the North. Not only the winner hailed from Yorkshire, but also Bibiani, who ran on into second place. A touch of pathos was given to the result, because Mr. John Hill, the owner of Mintagon, was unable actually to witness his horse's success, for, while not blind, he can see very little. Mr. Hill has owned some high-class horses, and takes a very close interest in their performances. It is a touching spectacle to see him at the races with a friend at his e bow, who describes the varying phases of the races as they are run. At the finish of the betting Feather Bed was favourite, with Mintagon next, and Bibiani, a great tip on the day, almost as well backed as either of them. Noctuiform was sent right out by the bookmakers, showing how utterly false his price had been all along.

The Cesarewitch from the Spectators' Standpoint

From the spectators' standpoint, the Cesarewitch is one of the worst, and, at the same time, one of the most exciting races in the world. It is bad, because the start is right away out of sight, and for the greater part of the first mile it is quite impossible to see anything of the race from the stands. It is exciting, because one gets worked up into a state of nervous eagerness to know what is happening in that impenetrable distance, especially if there is a long delay at the post, such as ensued on Wednesday. At last the bell is ringing, and by that sign alone you know that the horses are running. You cannot see them, but they are coming nearer and nearer towards you. You level your glasses along that perfect strip of green known as the Rowley Mile, and await with what patience you can command the first glimpse of the field. The seconds seem to be lengthened into minutes. But suddenly someone sings out, "Here they come!" And now you can discern the runners and riders, though they are yet too far away to distinguish colours. On Wednesday the field made a pretty spectacle as they charged in solid phalanx into the Rowley Mile. For a moment, one could not tell who was leading, but as they approached the Bushes, Spate and Bibiani, on the rails, seemed to be in front. Mintagon was there, too, and when Trigg let him go, he instantly sped away at the head of his field. He gained something at every stride, and finally won in the commonest of canters. Bibiani was next, and Royal Dream, finishing strongly, did Beppo out of third place.

Future Events

Regarding the Cambridgeshire I would reiterate the opinion expressed last week that **Polymelus** is a good thing. True, he stands at rather a short price now, but his chance is immense. Next to Polymelus, I think most of Thrush, who is sure to be prominent in the race. Some valuable events will be decided during the present week, including two big stakes at Gatwick. **Lally** may win the Surrey Stakes to-day (Wednesday). The Produce Stakes at Sandown Park on Thursday will go either to **Keystone II.** or **Prince William,** and I think that **Saxham** is the best of those entered for the Great Sapling Plate on the following day.

For Connoisseurs

In response to the invitation of Messrs. Aldin, of Queen's Gate Gardens, to view their French bedroom, a large number of connoisseurs have visited the showrooms, and all pronounce the room to be unique and an absolutely faithful reproduction. Messrs. Aldin propose to keep this room on view for a short time longer.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Europe Wakes Up

Europe has, after a long interval of laziness, gathered unto itself a few politics, and the world is duly grateful. With the publication of Prince Hohenlohe's memoirs, involving the Kaiser and the Bismarcks; the strife over the Brunswick succession; and last, but not least, the visit to Russia, in teeth of unanimous opposition, of the Duma memorialists—things have taken a distinct turn for the livelier. As to the last-named, it is, as our artist, Mr. Gillett, happily suggests in "The Topictator" opposite, another case of the Paul Pry spirit which has, of late years, so woefully characterised the conduct of a certain section of politicians. Taking up the hypocritical attitude that the precise degree of "civilisation" attained by Great Britain is the one and only kind of civilisation which should be used in the markets of the world, they have constituted themselves into a sort of Universal Morals Trust. We are all, of course, Liberals in the sense of the word which means sympathy with nations "righteously struggling to be free," and, in a sense, the whole British nation wishes the Duma to rise triumphant over the reactionaries. But the very worst way for us to show our sympathy is by sending over these busybody delegations.

* * *

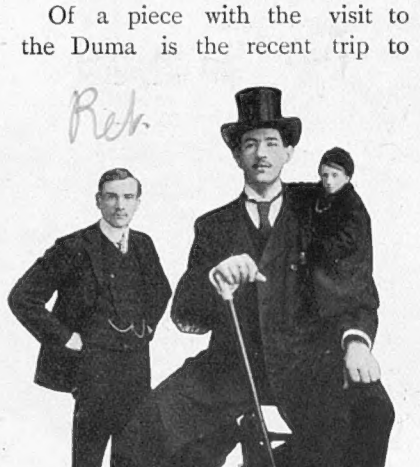
Zeal in the Wrong Place

I was glad last Friday morning to hear that at the eleventh hour the deputation to the Duma had been sane enough to postpone its proposed visit, for this is an entirely wrong moment to take an official trip to Russia. To exclaim "*Vive la Duma!*" in London is one thing, in St. Petersburg it is another; and that is just what Messrs. Massingham, Steadman and Co., will not realise. Paul Pry, Pecksniff, and Chadband, are excellent at home; they have helped to found the national greatness; but preserve us from them in the guise of Continental tourists, for which nature and breeding alike ill-fit them. Russia will evolve into a Constitutional nation in her own way. It took England hundreds of years to reach the sublimely perfected state in which she stands to-day. Surely Russia can be permitted a few months to accomplish the same feat?

* * *

The Eighty Club in Hungary

Of a piece with the visit to the Duma is the recent trip to



Man in three sizes

The French giant, Henri Cot (8 ft. 7 in.), side by side with a man of normal height; and the Midget, Prince Colibri (23½ in.). They are now touring with Moss and Stoll Empires, Limited

Buda-Pesth of the Eighty Club. The case was far less flagrant, of course. The Club did not go to Hungary as open partisans against the Austrian Government. But by ignorance, they blundered into association with the Hungarian Home Rule party, who advocate open separation from Austria, and were entertained by the Kossuth crowd. Naturally, this caused deep annoyance to the Austrian Government and Emperor, with whom our relations have been extremely cordial. The Eighty Club, who have been called the Jesuits of Liberalism, should have known better, seeing that they have provided from their ranks men who are now charged with the government of this country. Finally, if this spirit of Paul Pryism be permitted to continue, it is difficult to see how Sir Edward Grey can continue to preserve the good relations of this country with anybody. First Turkey, next Austria, now Russia, have been affronted by our busybodies. Who dare say that it will not be France, America, Italy, Spain, or Japan, to-morrow?

* * *

The Kaiser's Little Troubles

All is not well with the Kaiser and the hundred and one little Kingdoms and Princedoms over which he holds sway. His annoyance has reached the "telegraphic" stage in two instances. A long wire, demanding explanations, has been sent to Prince Hohenlohe for publishing revelations concerning his relations with Bismarck, and now matters are coming to a head over the Brunswick succession.

This controversy has been reopened by the death of Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick. The heir, the Duke of Cumberland, cannot succeed owing to his refusal to give up the throne of Hanover. According to a Regency law passed in 1879, if the legitimate heir is prevented from ascending the throne, a Regency Council must be instituted. The Duke of Cumberland has offered to renounce both his own claim and that of his eldest son, if his youngest son is allowed to succeed. This solution, however, does not meet with the approval of His Imperial Majesty, and matters are now at a deadlock.

The Duke of Cumberland is a great-grandson of George III., and married Princess Thyra of Denmark, Queen Alexandra's sister. His son, Prince George of Cumberland, around whom the dispute centres, is an officer in the Austrian Army.

* * *

Newmarket

The King, who is never more in his element than when spending a quiet week at Newmarket amongst

The Topictator

The Movements of Majesty

his chosen friends. He was early in the Jockey Club Stand each day at last week's great meeting, and so, of course, were the usual Newmarket racing set, whose names are part and parcel of the meetings, and which include the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord and Lady Cadogan and Sir Ernest Cassel. The Duchess of Devonshire was attired in a costume of cigar-brown —a colour she has worn so constantly this year that she has apparently created a fashion in it—for brown and purple were the two colours mostly in evidence at Newmarket for the Cesarewitch. Furs, in the brilliant sunshine, were conspicuous by their absence, Mrs. Richard Charteris, in bright green, being one of the very few women present wearing sables. Frocks, indeed, like the weather, spelt Ascot or Goodwood rather than an autumn meeting, but the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, Lady Edith Douglas-Pennant in homespun, the Hon. Mrs. Albert Petre, Lady De Trafford, the Countess of Coventry and Lady Dorothy Coventry, were all in rather severe tailor-made dresses.

* * *

The King and His Hosts

His stay at Newmarket concluded, the King returned to London for the week-end, but on Monday morning he proceeded to Scotland again on a visit to Lord and Lady Colebrooke, at Glengonnar, their charming place in South Lanarkshire, on the banks of the Clyde. Two days of His Majesty's visit are to be devoted to sport, and on the third day an excursion is to be made to the Falls of Clyde. On Friday,

Prince George of Cumberland

Around whom centres the dispute as to the succession to the throne of Brunswick

provided present arrangements hold good, His Majesty returns to Town, the Queen, however, remaining at Balmoral for some little time longer. Sir Edward Colebrooke, who, as a recent peer and as Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, won golden opinions during his stay in Edinburgh at Holyrood Palace, is no novice in the entertainment of Royalty. His clever wife, who was a Miss Alexandra Paget, a daughter of that renowned, if eccentric, courtier of the Victorian epoch, the late Lord Alfred Paget, is a godchild of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and was honoured by the presence of both their Majesties at her marriage.

* * *

A Royal and a Political Hostess

It is said that Lady Colebrooke hopes to revive the glories of the political *salon*. Certainly, during the past, and, it is hoped, during the coming Session, she has entertained brilliantly and valiantly in the Liberal cause. How far sincerity to the cause leads her I hardly know, and, obviously, I dare not say, but when a woman is a born hostess it is easy enough to entertain rightly, whatever the cause may or may not be. Lady Colebrooke has the reputation of being a very clever woman; she has hobbies and accomplishments galore, besides being an expert whip and a collector. Wood-carving is one of the most favoured of her hobbies, and at Glengonnar she has a complete workshop, fitted up in a building in one of the woods near the house, and here she turns out screens and tables and cabinets of no mean order of merit. Stratford House, Lord and Lady Colebrooke's London home, is in the best Adams' style, and is celebrated for its Wedgwood hall, its rooms of panelled mahogany, and its fine collection of Battersea enamel snuff-boxes.

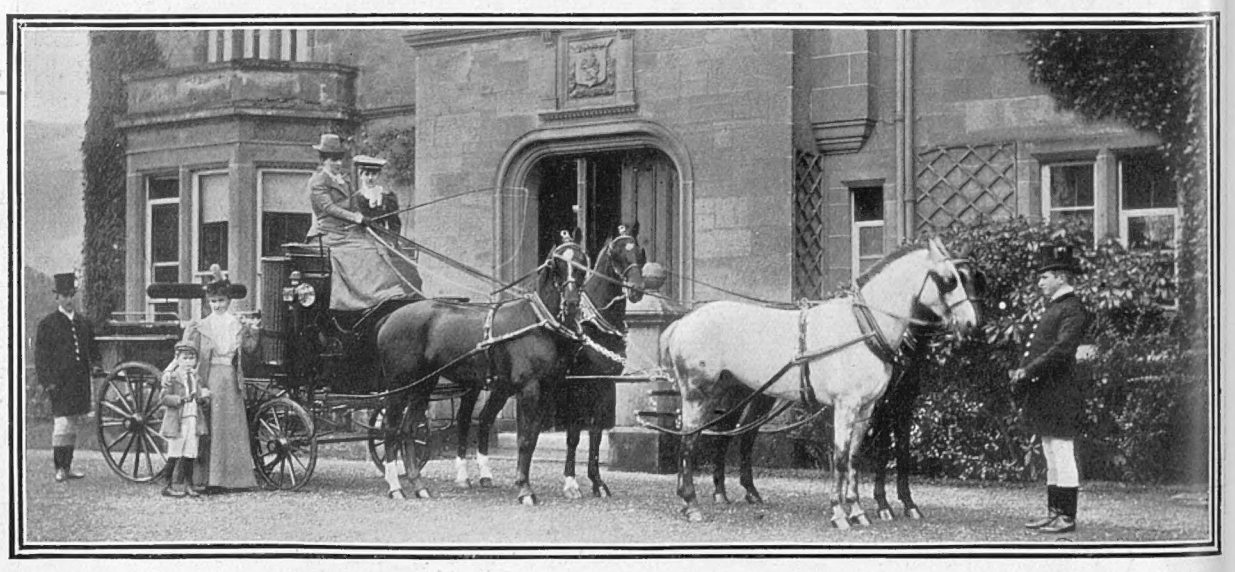


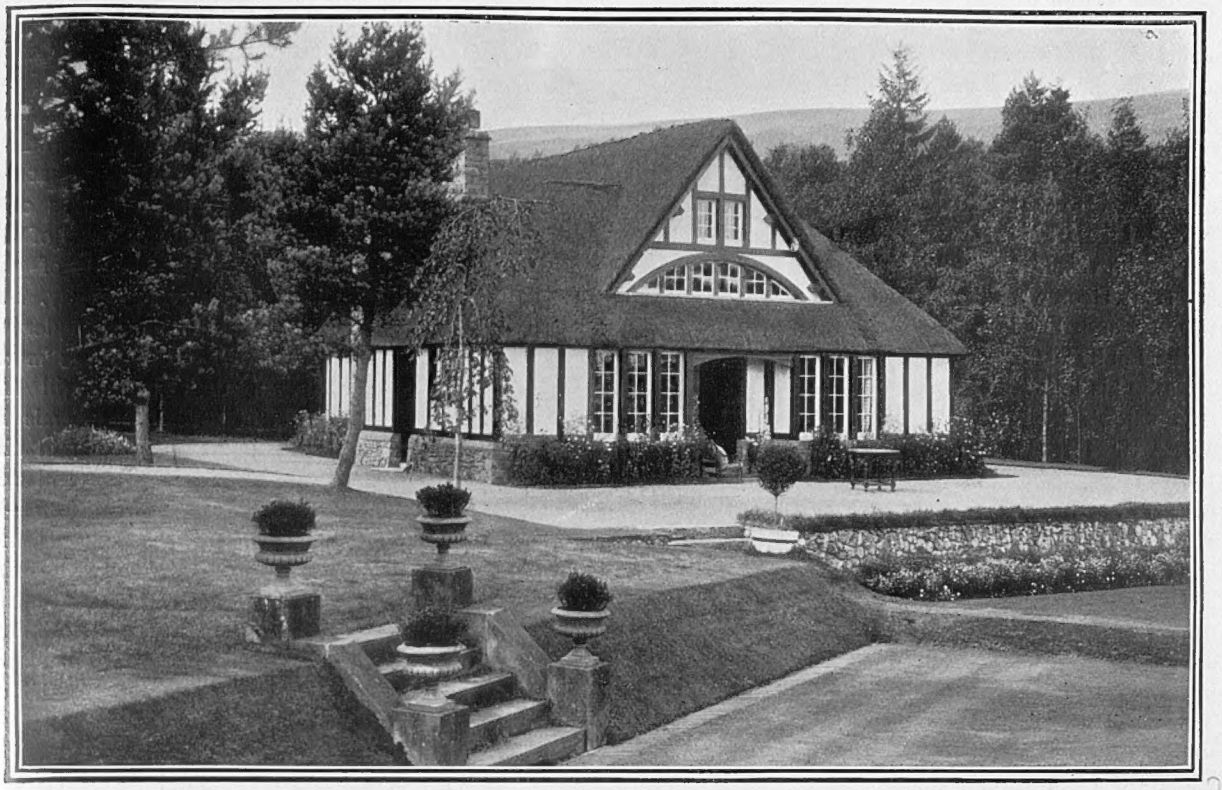
Photo *Reid*

The King's Visit to Glengonnar: Lady Colebrooke driving a four-in-hand

Lady Colebrooke, the King's hostess this week, is the daughter of Lord Alfred Paget and also a god-daughter of His Majesty. It will be remembered that Lord Colebrooke recently received a peerage, and he is a stalwart upholder of the Liberal cause

The Hobby of a King's Hostess

THE WORKSHOP OF LADY COLEBROOKE, CARPENTER



Lady Colebrooke's workroom in the grounds of Glengonnar, Lanark

His Majesty the King will be the guest of Lord and Lady Colebrooke this week at their beautiful place at Glengonnar, South Lanarkshire, on the banks of the Glengonnar Burn. Lady Colebrooke, besides being an expert whip and collector, is a clever wood-carver

Photos *Reid*

The interior of Lady Colebrooke's carpentry "shop"

Lady Colebrooke's workroom is beautifully situated in the woods near the house. Its appearance is very different to an ordinary workshop, and betrays at once a woman's touch. Here Lady Colebrooke turns out carved screens, tables, and cabinets of no mean order of merit

Whipping the Liberal Whips

The Crack of the Liberal Whips

A considerable, and, to my mind, a rather foolish, hubbub has arisen in the Ministerial Press as a result of the somewhat outspoken utterances on the subject of Socialists by the Liberal Whips and Mr. Haldane. From the first, one might say, the views of the young Liberals towards Socialism have been voiced by the Whips, for it was Mr. George Whiteley who practically sounded the first note of war in the Lobby last Session by forcibly abjuring his followers not to "play that fellow's game"—alluding to Mr. Keir Hardie. Next to him, the Hon. Alexander Murray, Master of Elibank and Scottish Whip, has been to the fore in proclaiming that Liberalism and Socialism are opposed, and that the members of the Keir-Hardie set are "malignant wreckers." When, however, Mr. J. A. Pease, also of the Treasury, loudly said "ditto" to his colleagues; Mr. Haldane addressed a solemn warning to the Socialists; and the Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P. (Mr. Churchill's cousin), declined to sit at meat with the Railwaymen's Congress at Cardiff—well, then, up got the *Daily News*, and the *Tribune*, and the *Westminster*, and administered stern rebukes. It was not, they urged in unison, the function of Junior Ministers (especially Whips) to proclaim Party policy. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to—say sweet nothings and get votes in the Lobbies. As to Mr. Haldane—well, Mr. Haldane is Mr. Haldane, and cannot very well, as the most conspicuous member of the present Cabinet, be chained up.

* * *

Why "Gag" Junior Ministers?

The attitude of the Liberal Press is explicable, of course, but scarcely, to my mind, justifiable. It is not justice—certainly not Liberalism—to "gag" any politician from publicly expressing his views on so momentous a question as the contest between Individualism and Collectivism—because he happens not to be a Cabinet Minister. The Liberal Press were loudest in denunciation of "Balfourian" reserve when the issue was Tariff Reform. Why do they, when the issue is an even more direct one, wish to stifle their own men? If Messrs. Whiteley, Murray, Pease, etc., forcibly oppose Socialism, then it is not their duty hypocritically to

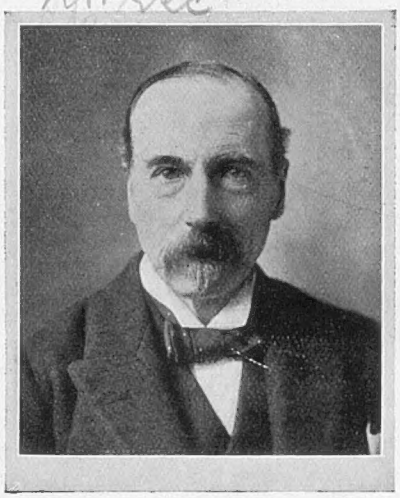


Photo *Moyse*

Colonel Haig

The Chief Agent of the Conservative Party, whose probable retirement at the end of the year is rumoured

conceal the fact, because no Cabinet Minister (other than Mr. Haldane) has thought fit to speak on the topic.

* * *

The Real Cleavage between Parties

I really think it will be impossible much longer to conceal the

Photo *Lafayett.*

The Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P. for Cardiff

One of the anti-Socialist Liberals, who voiced his views by refusing to be entertained by the Railwaymen's Congress after their recent Socialist resolutions

fact that the real cleavage in politics is not between Liberal and Tory (who come, more or less, of the same clay, and think practically alike on fundamental principles), but between Individualists, adherers to the Faith, the Crown, and the Constitution, upholders of the flag and the Empire, on the one hand; and Collectivists, destroyers of the foundations of our system, and fantastic idealists, on the other. The Liberal Press contend that the outspokenness of the Whips only means disunion in the ranks of the Party, and the separation of the Labour from the Liberal Party. But if the official Liberals pander to Socialism, they will lose far more, for out of their ranks will fall hundreds of moderate Liberals in Parliament, and thousands in the country, and what we shall see will be a repetition of 1886—a new alliance between Liberals and Unionists, on an anti-Socialist basis, which would again dominate the country, to the renewed exclusion of the Liberal-Radical Simons Pure who, at present, hold the reins of office.

* * *

Sport v. Agriculture

The action of the Earl of Sefton in issuing orders to the effect that the tenants on his Abbeystead estate should reduce their flocks of sheep by 30 per cent., so that his lordship may devote his moorlands less to husbandry and more to sport, has not, needless to say, in any way met with the approval of his tenant-farmers. There are, however, so many sides to a question of this kind that it is next to impossible to touch ever so slightly on more than one or two of them. The Abbeystead farmers, as most people know, are noted for their sheep, which they graze to the number of many thousands on the Earl's land, and on which they depend entirely for a living. From their point of view, therefore, I suppose Lord Sefton is taking the bread out of the mouth of the poor man in order to put sport into his own, so to speak, although his lordship will have to reduce their rents in consequence.

* * *

Sport, of course, to the "idle rich," is the most approved, and by far the most satisfactory, method of destroying that arch-fiend Boredom which has yet

The War Against Socialism

been discovered. Sport, on the other hand, to the poor man, is the idiotic and selfish effort of the "idle rich" to destroy what he has, with infinite pains and the sweat of his brow, built up. The Socialistic point of view goes further. It argues that the land was not originally intended for the enjoyment of those fortunate enough to own it, but was meant to exist for the equal pleasure and profit of all. I will not venture along this thorny path of controversy, but there is one aspect of the ownership of land by gentlemen addicted to sport which is not often thought of. I admit it is only an æsthetic one: The cultivation of the land in the interest of agriculture tends in no way to beautify that land, except, perhaps, from a purely domestic standpoint; whereas, the preserving of land in the interests of sport tends to heighten rather than destroy its beauty. Were it not that there are still many English gentlemen in the country who are in no way affected by the commercialism of the age, and who preserve and add to the natural beauty of the land by their refusal to cultivate it solely in the interests of agriculture, England would lose half her varied beauty. The wooded hills, the parks, the unfelled trees, the sweet, smiling valleys, the ever-changing moorland, all would become of one uniform pattern—the folds full of sheep, and the valleys thick with corn, as the Psalmist says—and I, for one, hope never to see the day when such dull and domesticated uniformity becomes universal.

* * *

An Engagement of Interest

One of the most interesting engagements of the "little season" is that of Lord Hastings and Miss Marguerite Nevill, daughter of Lord and Lady Henry Nevill. Miss Nevill, who is a charming and popular member of a popular family, is, of course, a half-sister of Lady Camden, whom she rather resembles. She formed one of a big house-party held by Lord Hastings a few weeks back at Melton Constable chiefly for cricket and dancing, and it was in this famous old house that the engagement took place. Its owner, a godson of the King, and head of one of the oldest families in England, was gazetted to a cavalry regiment—the 7th Hussars—before he came of age, an event which took place in the same year in which he succeeded his father in the family honours. His mother, the present Lady Hastings, who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Suffield, is, like her parents, a personal friend of both King Edward and Queen Alexandra, while the mother of the bride-elect is a sister of Lord Grimthorpe and the late Lady Milner. A keen cricketer, and possessed of vast wealth, Lord Hastings has probably not yet had time—certainly he has not shown any inclination—to go in much for racing, a pastime to which his father (the late peer) was much devoted. The Hastings family are, however, not related to the fourth and last Marquis of Hastings, with whom the memorable and famous snowstorm Derby of 1867 is so romantically associated.

* * *

Love and the Derby

Even in racing chronicles, which have nothing to do with romance, the Derby of 1867 is regarded as romantic. It is not, however, the Derby itself which was romantic—it is the events which took place a year or two before the race, and which, I think, are of sufficient interest to bear what is doubtless repetition. Mr. Henry Chaplin, then the keenest of racing men, but now chiefly known to the present generation as the late President of the Board of Agriculture and of the Local Government Board, was engaged to be married to the Hon. Florence Paget, third daughter of the second Marquis of Anglesey and now Lady Chetwynd. One day, when their wedding was not far off, Miss Paget, as she then was, asked her future husband to drive her to Swan

Photo *Mayall*
The Hon. Alexand r Murray, M.P., Master of Elibank
Liberal Scottish Whip

Photo *Shawcross*
Mr. Geo. Whiteley, M.P.
Chief Whip of the Liberal Party

Photo] **Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P.** *[Russell*
Junior Lord of the Treasury

THE THREE LIBERAL WHIPS

Who are leading the campaign on behalf of Moderate Liberalism against the pretensions of the Socialists, and who are being taken to task by the Government Press for their outspokenness

A Reminiscence of the "Snowstorm" Derby

and Edgars. Mr. Chaplin, of course, did so, and waited outside at the Piccadilly entrance for his bride-elect. No bride-elect, however, put in an appearance, for the fact was that the lady walked through the shop, out at the Regent Street entrance, and into the waiting arms and carriage of the Marquis of Hastings. They drove off full speed and were married at once. Mr. Chaplin, however, swore revenge, and vowed a solemn oath that he would ruin the man who had stolen his bride from him. He "bided his time," as they say in the novels, and, only a year before his rival's death, had his revenge.

* * *

The Famous 1867 Derby

Both men were well known on the Turf, and, in the Derby of May 22, 1867, the Marquis of Hastings ran and backed tremendously the favourite Uncas, while Mr. Chaplin ran the famous "poor Hermit"—a few weeks previously also a favourite, but at the time of the race a complete outsider. The astonishing vicissitudes of the betting, the entirely unexpected victory of Hermit, and the piercingly cold weather, combined to make this Derby a memorable one. While the favourites, the Duke of Beaufort's Vauban, the Marquis of Hastings's Uncas, and Lord Uxbridge's Distin were being paraded and admired, Hermit was shivering with cold and entirely overlooked by a public whose mind had been entirely alienated from him by recent market operations. Meanwhile, Captain Machell (Mr. Chaplin's associate) was quietly giving instructions to the jockey, Daley, who was "put on" by Captain Machell £300 for a place and £3,000 if he won, to which Mr. Chaplin added £6,000, making in the whole £9,000.

Thirty horses started, and, again, while the animals were "under orders," Hermit was apparently unobserved, while the Marquis's Uncas, still a prime favourite, was being backed by his owner for, literally, all he was worth. Nearly an hour of biting sleet and snow elapsed before a start was made, but, once off, it became clear that Uncas was right out of it, while the outsider, Hermit, was very much on. Hermit, in fact, came in a splendid first, Mr. Merry's Marksman came in second, and the Duke of Beaufort's Vauban third, the Marquis's much-backed Uncas finishing a sorry twenty-second or thereabouts.

On Hermit, Mr. Chaplin had accepted 1,000 to 15, and Captain Machell had backed him to win £10,000. Mr. Chaplin won £140,000, and Captain Machell £63,000; while Mr. Chaplin also won the tremendous bet of £50,000 that Hermit would beat Sir Joseph Hawley's Palmer the first time they met, and £10,000 that Hermit would beat Marksman. Thus, to the unending pecuniary discomfiture of the romantic Marquis and to the great satisfaction of the flouted Mr. Chaplin, ended one of the most sensational Derbys on record.

* * *

Ely Cathedral

To-day (Wednesday), a very interesting ceremony is taking place in Ely Cathedral, for the eight hundredth anniversary of the first service held in the Cathedral will be celebrated, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury is to be present. A monastery was originally founded on the Isle of Ely in 673. As the camp of Refuge, of which a thrilling account is given in Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," it holds a prominent place in history. The foundation of the present Cathedral was laid in 1083.

BYSTANDER.

Photo *Dixon*

Lord Sefton (snapshotted at the Ridgeway Coursing Meeting recently)

Considerable stir has been caused among his lordship's tenants by his recent action in restricting their flocks so that more land may be available for sporting purposes

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Hastings

A godson of the King, who is engaged to Miss Marguerite Nevill

Photo *Keturah Collins*

Miss Marguerite Nevill

Daughter of Lord Henry Nevill, who is engaged to Lord Hastings

Ely's Eight Hundredth Anniversary

"ONE OF THE MOST GLORIOUS SHRINES IN CHRISTENDOM"

General view of Ely Cathedral

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached a sermon on the occasion

Photos: Ely *Frith* *The Archbishop of Canterbury* *Mills*

View showing the Bishop's Palace

Ely Cathedral, which is now celebrating the eight hundredth anniversary of its consecration, is one of the most admired edifices in the world. Its length is almost unsurpassed; it offers examples of every style of Gothic, from Norman to late Perpendicular; possesses the only Gothic dome in existence; and, situated on an eminence, in low-lying fen country, it enjoys a majestic prominence. Inside, it is at once imposing by its general magnificence, by the splendour of its sculptures, and the number of its side chapels. It actually dates from 673, when St. Etheldreda founded on its site a mixed monastery, afterwards converted into an abbey

FROM ABROAD

Pity the Poor U.S. Immigrant!

HOW AND WHERE UNCLE SAM RECEIVES HIS GUESTS AT NEW YORK

Immigrants leaving the ferry boat to enter the Clearing House at Ellis Island

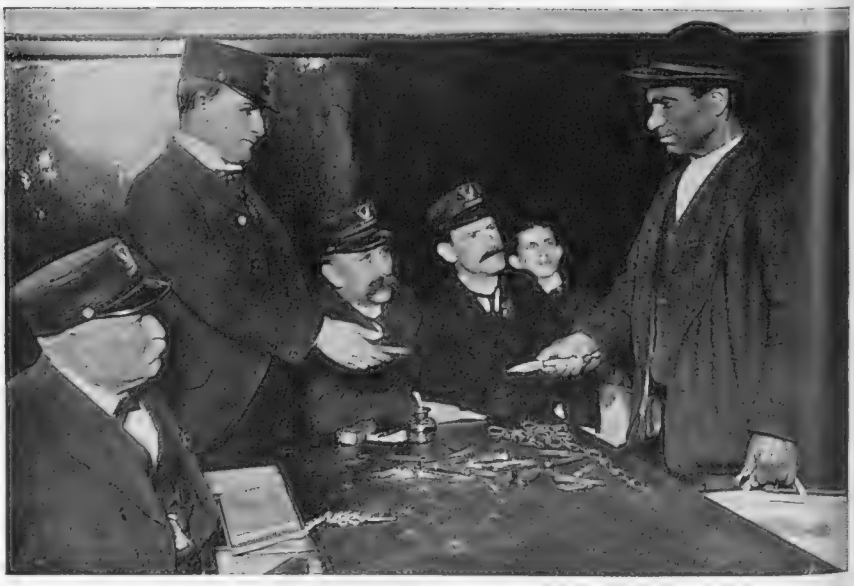
The Case of the Cabin Passenger

Saloon passengers to the United States are now being subjected, by the Immigration authorities at New York, to a process of examination which has heretofore been the lot only of the steerage immigrant. As everybody who has visited the great free Republic knows, Uncle Sam is a most exclusive host, who wishes to know the minutest particulars about his guests before receiving them inside his precincts. In days gone by, the little inquisition to which the "cabin" passenger was subjected on the entry of his ship into New York Harbour was rather a pleasant ceremony than otherwise. To be asked to take your seat opposite a courteous official, and to explain to him, with all solemnity, that you could read and write, were not an imbecile, an ex-convict, a diseased pauper, an anarchist, nor a polygamist, was rather a good jest, especially if you happened to be, say, a Cabinet Minister, a millionaire, prelate, or scholar. Now, however, the United States is not content with such semi-serious inquiries. As recent passengers are finding out (among them, a week or two ago, Sir Thomas Lipton and Mrs. Langtry), details of a far more intimate nature are being solicited. The colour of your hair, madame? Complexion? Your distinguishing body marks? In short, there is but little difference between the treatment meted out to the well-born and gently bred tourist to America and that which is the lot of steerage passengers, among whose numbers is to be found the very scum of Europe.

Examining the immigrant's eyes for signs of "trachoma," an infectious disease carried by Russians and Austrians. A sufferer from it will be sent back to Europe

And of the Steerage

These people, in fact, have rather a better time of it, on the whole. The first day of an immigrant in New York is by no means an unpleasant experience. He is taken on board a tender for a pleasant trip down the blue and broad Hudson, landed on Ellis Island, marched into a large, airy, well-built building, where he undergoes examination. This consists of



Rejected Italian immigrant giving up his knife before entering the "excludeds'" room. Many of the "excludeds" are notorious gaol-birds, and have to be carefully watched

FROM ABROAD

First-Class Victims of the "Inquisition"

the same questions as are addressed to the saloon passenger, with the additional fact that one has to be medically examined. Approaching the officials, one's cap must be raised so that the scalp of the head may be open to inspection, and, also, the eyes are examined for signs of the infectious disease of *trachoma*. To a respectable-looking person, this is, however, the barest formality. The examination undergone, he proceeds to a well-appointed refreshment room, obtains a meal or a supply of provisions, boards a ferry boat, and enters New York a free man. If, however, the immigrant is not "respectable looking," he will be passed from one official to another, and possibly excluded altogether from entering the States. He will be, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner on a lonely island. His valuables (for instance, his knife or revolver) will be taken from him; he will be given a bed, and a very limited partial board, herded with some very undesirable companions, and finally taken back to the ship whence he came, and deported at the expense of the Steamship Company who brought him out, to the port whence he sailed.

Sir Thomas Lipton

Who was one of the first of recent saloon passengers to New York to be subjected to the new "inquisition," by which one is expected to answer the most intimate questions about one's person. Sir Thomas, however, managed to secure another advertisement out of it, so all was well

Australia and Its Cattle

On the next page appears a photograph which has been sent us from New South Wales, "Cattle on an Australian Farm." While the picture in itself is of sufficient interest as a Colonial *pastorale*, it serves to raise, in an indirect manner, the great Preserved Meat question in a new aspect. For, side by side with the recent report of the War Office Commissioner at the Chicago Packing Houses (Col. Hobbs), to the effect that the "sanitary condition of most of the factories at the stock-yards has been of a most unsatisfactory nature," is Mr. Winston Churchill's authoritative statement about the purity and excessive cleanliness of the canned goods hailing from our Australian colonies. As, according to reports which have reached us, many of the large Colonial exporters of preserved meats (notably, the Sydney Meat Preserving Company) have suffered unfairly by "The Jungle" revelations, it is only fair to raise a timely word in their defence.

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Mrs. Langtry (in her electric brougham)

Another victim of the immigrant "inquisition," who is now in New York. She had some amusing experiences answering the official questions relative to the colour of her hair and complexion

Farming in New South Wales: Watering the cattle

Though New South Wales is a great pastoral country, 140,000,000 acres being devoted to flocks and herds, the great difficulty is always the question of the water supply. If every farm were as fortunate in the possession of such a stream as is here seen, there would be no such thing as stock dying for want of water. It is interesting, by the way, to notice that Mr. Winston Churchill, in speaking of New South Wales preserved meat, has given complete vindication to their methods of packing, etc., while, at the same time, the Chicago stock-yards have been officially proclaimed insanitary by the British War Office Commissioner

ROUND THE TOWN

The Theatres

One of the most striking facts in connection with the world of the stage this autumn is the remarkable survival of plays that were tried by the fire of the most burning summer of our generation. If a "frost" is supposed to dispose of a play, a temperature that would be considered fiery in Ceylon is usually even more deadly. And yet, such plays as *Raffles*, of which we wrote long ago, when the hot weather was beginning, is as fresh as ever, and Mr. Du Maurier still as cool an amateur cracksman as though he had not melted on many a tropic night. There are many others. *The Man from Blankley's* survives with easy grace, *His House in Order*, *The Dairymaids*, and *Amāsis*. This last, produced, with the pleasing intrepidity of the newcomer, in mid-August, succeeded at once, and now wears a happy air, which we are told alone springs from the healthy heart of the box-office.

* * *

By the way, the easy victory of this comic opera, which owes—in the most honourable sense—so much to the excellent example of the old Gilbert and Sullivan plays, is probably responsible for the interesting adventure upon which Mr. D'Oyly Carte is about to set out—the rehabilitation of the Savoy Theatre and revival of the well-remembered operas. Will the public flock as of yore? We have heard a good many admirers say it will, but water has been running under the bridges, and our sense of fun changes apace. It is, they say, more difficult to resuscitate love than to create it—and then it's so seldom worth while.

* * *

Ought not each generation to work out its own theatrical damnation? Revivals are all very well for the day after to-morrow, but we dread to see our old friends of the brave days redecorated and figuring forth as *débutants*. It is true that the new things are not so good as our memories of the old, but then, all recollections are illusion.

* * *

The latest thing we have seen in the direction of a new play is Mr. Edgar Wallace's *The Four Just Men*, produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, the other night. It will be remembered—by some—that, in its story stage, the author offered a prize for the solution of the mystery it contained. You may be sure that a plot that begins with so good an advertisement will "train on." Mr. Warren has adapted this excellent machine. The result is a play of terrible revenges, plus a love story, plus comic relief. Hammersmith has been conquered, and we are told that a production at a West-End theatre — delightfully easy phrase — is imminent. If there be law in Illyria, and a public still for melodrama that is frank and free, *The Four Just Men* will run a long course.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*
Miss Phyllis Embury
Playing in *The Winter's Tale* at His Majesty's

* * *

The Criterion, which has had so many adventures of late, offers us the pleasing excitement of a new management, which we hope has come to stay. On Saturday, Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen took command there, and "presented" Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's excellently named *Amateur Socialist* and Miss Unger's *Lemonade Boy*. Both plays have been produced with anxious care and well-selected cast. The dresses of the "eccentric comedy" have been designed by Mrs. Jack May, who, weekly, in our "Frocks" pages, helps to make the most charming BYSTANDER readers a few degrees more graceful. The new manager is the only son of that Admirable Crichton of letters, the late Grant Allen, and inherits many of his delightful social qualities and quick interest in the life of our times. Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen may be the youngest of the managers in years, but, like Mr. Meredith's Adrian Hartley, he has always been a wise youth. When Charterhouse had given him classics, the warehouse of Mr. Grant Richards taught him commerce. He has served a long apprenticeship in theatrical management with Mr. James Welch and others; he understands the public pretty well, is agreeably modern in his point of view, and, at the moment, the cheeriest manager in London.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*
Miss Marguerite Leslie
Now playing in *The Beauty of Bath* at the Aldwych

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To gain popularity nowadays, it seems necessary for an actor or an actress to get into the public eye in some way totally unconnected with their profession. Stolen jewels, engagements to persons of high rank, and libel cases are only a few of the items that figure upon the list of "aids to fame." The Vaudeville has been singularly prosperous in the number of these wonder-working advertisements that have fallen to its lot. Following hard upon Miss Edna's resignation, on account of her jeal——, I mean dislike, of the song sung by Miss Camille Clifford, herself betrothed to a peer's son, came the

Novelist's Son as Theatre Manager

announcement that Miss Ethel Newman had taken action against the theatre, because Miss May's part had been given to Miss Phyllis Dare, whose name was associated, in so unpleasant a manner, with a recent libel case. I do not mean to convey that without these little "happenings," the persons concerned would not make much headway in their profession, although, in many instances, this is, undoubtedly, the case, but it certainly emphasises a rather inane curiosity on the part of the public, who will flock to a theatre where two or three stars, who have gained notoriety in the afore-mentioned manner, are billed to appear, rather than go to a theatre where they can see some really good acting. But in the face of the fact that Miss Dare's name has been much heard of late, her charming acting and sweet personality are quite enough to secure her success without any outside aid, although some of the wild cheering that greeted her upon her first night was, undoubtedly, meant to convey the deserved sympathy of the audience. In a like manner, the Vaudeville piece is quite good enough to get along on its own merits.

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Miss Phyllis Dare's Triumph

Many hundreds of disappointed playgoers had to be turned away on the recent Saturday night when Miss Phyllis Dare made her first appearance in Edna May's part, and it might have been a first night, such was the enthusiasm displayed by the crowded audience. Every star was loudly clapped on his or her appearance, and Miss Dare was received with deafening applause. From stalls to gallery, she was cheered and cheered, and the play was not allowed to proceed until she had many times bowed her thanks—even then her every appearance and every song were greeted with more cheers. Miss Dare, who is as pretty as ever, played and sang very effectively. The delighted audience were in fine feather throughout the evening, so, likewise, were the performers. Not a song but was encored several times, and Miss Camille Clifford, who sang the much-discussed song, "Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?" responded many times before she was allowed to depart in peace. The piece has been altered a good deal since I last had an opportunity of seeing it, especially as regards the title-rôle. New songs have been provided for both Miss Dare and Miss Louie Pounds, and the latter is very charming as a German Princess. Mr. Farren Soutar makes, what I may term, a "sensible" lover—he is not over-sentimental. His impersonation of a foreign bandmaster is quite one of the funniest incidents in the piece. Altogether one may spend a most enjoyable evening with *The Belle of Mayfair*.

Photo *Bassano*

Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen

(Son of the famous novelist.) He is the new manager of the Criterion Theatre, and, on Saturday night last, produced a new play, entitled *The Amateur Socialist*

The Latest Romance

Our halfpenny Press is surpassing itself. The wife of a Russian General runs away with a member of her husband's staff, which, perhaps in the annals of romance, is not without precedent. General Ouchakoff, the injured General, starts in pursuit, chases them all over Europe, always arriving a few days (or hours) after they have taken their departure elsewhere. Then follows an amusing chase across the Atlantic, the runaways being deported by the United States Government. General Ouchakoff, all unawares, is passed in mid-ocean, and his wife and her lover, Captain Essipoff, come to London.

* * *

The Terrors of Modern Romance

Up to this period, their sole fear has been the infuriated General, but now a greater and more terrible one awaits them. The sleuth-hound of the halfpenny Press, with pencil and camera, is on their track! Spies surround them, reporters dog their footsteps. Cameras peer round every corner, and their every movement is made known. We must congratulate the gentlemen in question who have stage-managed the "Drama of the Hunted Russian Lovers," especially when they published opinions of prominent men of all shades of thought on the affair. But Heaven preserve us in the future from being the centre of any "romance."

* * *

At the Queen's Hall

Mr. Backhaus played for two hours and a half to some 3,000 persons at his recent recital at Queen's Hall. It seems unnecessary to say more in demonstration either of his genius or of the growing taste for the best kind of music. For his programme was such as to delight the true musician, and, at the same time, the public thronged to hear him. Surely the public must be growing musical! Mr. Backhaus has an extraordinarily finished technique, although he is not yet twenty-three years of age, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more charming than the delicacy with which he touched Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, and a number of Chopin pieces. I have said "delicacy," because it is impossible but that the pianist's conceptions will alter, and will become clearer and stronger within the next few years. He is already such a fine player that it is difficult to forecast to what heights his genius will carry him. At present, he becomes so carried away by the music he is playing that it appears difficult for him to avoid a slight tendency to exaggeration here and there. Mr. Backhaus met with a tremendous reception, and was recalled to the platform again and again.

The Week-End in Paris

"LE LOR' MAIRE"—THE LONGCHAMP RIOTS

The Riot at Longchamp: The damage opposite the grand stand

Some of the Common Councillors and Sheriffs who visited the race-meeting at Longchamp on Sunday afternoon, viewed from the grand stand the sacking and burning of the Pari-mutuel booths, and were unable to return to Paris for several hours owing to the disturbances

The Lord Mayor on his way to the British Embassy after attending the English Church

Parisians valiantly swallowed their disappointment at not seeing the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in their robes of office, either on Saturday or Sunday, but nevertheless, a hearty welcome was given them. Yesterday, they paid a state visit to the President

Photos **Where the Rioting Began: The "Franc" enclosure at Longchamp** [*Halftones*

The Longchamp Racecourse was the scene of furious riots on Sunday. Owing to a false start for one of the races, several horses, including the favourite, named Storm, remained at the starting-gate. When it was discovered that the race was not to be re-run, the mob made for the Pari-mutuel booths, wrecked and burnt them, and succeeded in securing about £12,000 in money. The police were savagely assaulted, and when the firemen arrived on the scene they were prevented from extinguishing the flames

Lap-Dogs Lapped in Luxury

The Latest Thing in Dog Marts

At 310, Regent Street, Mr. Fisher, of the Paris firm of Dufour and Fisher, has opened a toy-dog shop, which for sheer luxury and excess of comfort has yet to find its equal. The kennels—or should one say stalls?—in which the pampered pugs and fretful terriers lie waiting for a purchaser are upholstered in white satin, hung with white silk curtains, and embellished with the finest brass. At the door is an attendant, clad in hunting pink. This gentleman waits on the doglets, shows off their points to the would-be customer, and takes them for little strolls in Regent Street between-whiles. The good old question, "If not yourself, who would you be?" is now easily answered. I would be, as the next best thing, a miniature toy bulldog.

* * *

The Dairy Show

It was a summerlike day in last week that I hied me to Merrie Islington, to visit the Dairy Show. Outside, the roads were up and all was turmoil, but once inside the huge Agricultural Hall it was easy to forget one was in the heart of this great London of ours.

Passing through the entrance corridor, which was lined with tradesmen's carts and vans, bright with new paint and varnish, I found myself in the "Great Hall," where the lowing of cattle and the begaitered and besmocked attendants, busy with their exhibits, made a picturesque scene indeed. Presently, I came upon a smiling throng of pretty dairymaids, with clean frocks and aprons, preparing for the "Milker's contest for women," and it was then one entirely forgot one was not prolonging one's holiday, and had not returned to noisy London after all.

On one hand were hundreds upon hundred of cheeses—Cheddars, Cheddar Truckles, Stiltons, Wensleydales, Cheshires, Lancashires, Double Glosters, etc.—piled up in huge stacks, whilst in the centre of the hall the butter-making contests were proceeding. In the galleries round the building were to be found over 5,000 poultry and pigeons of every conceivable variety, valued (in the catalogue) from £1 up to even £1,000.

To those, however, who know and are able to judge the various points of excellence in the cattle, cheeses, goats, poultry, and pigeons, the Dairy Show of 1906 must, indeed, have been a never-ending feast during the four days it remained open.

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

"The Hooligan" in his "Sunday Best"

As a matter of fact, this dog is one of the most amiable in the Canine Paradise in Regent Street, and quite belies his name and appearance

Photo *Photo Press*

A Luxurious Dog Mart: Some pets in their silk-lined stalls

The latest toy-dog market is fitted up in the most costly style. The inmates recline on pillows in miniature stalls upholstered in delicate shades of silk and satin, and an attendant, dressed in hunting costume, occasionally takes them for "constitutionals" in Regent Street, and shows off their points to intending purchasers

Rus in Urbe

GENUINE "DAIRYMAIDS" APPEARING AT ISLINGTON

Cheese exhibits at the Agricultural Hall

There seems to be little evidence of the much talked of agricultural depression to be seen at the Dairy Show. Exhibits are the best seen for years, competitors in the different contests come from all parts of the United Kingdom, and visitors flock there in crowds

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Butter-Maker: Taking the temperature

The slightest error in temperature during the process of butter-making may spoil the whole batch, and the different contests were watched with great interest by the urban visitors

Photo **"On Which Side Should a Cow be Milked?": A serious problem solved** *Illustrations Bureau*

Since the introduction of cows into Mr. Hall Caine's *Bondman* at Drury Lane, a controversy has been raging as to the correct position in which they should be milked. This has been solved by the milking competitions at the Agricultural Hall, when all could see that the genuine dairymaids always milked the cow from the right or "off" side

Photo *Dixon*

Beating the world's (and his own) record

Mr. A. Lee Guinness in his 200 h.-p. Darracq, with which he achieved a speed of 68·61 miles per hour. He thus lowers the world's record for the kilomètre race, from a standing start, by one second, and would doubtless have done even better had it not been for a strong adverse wind

Motor Racing

AT WHICH MAY
FORTUNATELY, NO SON
ON TU

Photo

A close fi

Mr. Warwick J. Wright's 30 h.-p. Darr
in close contest. The for

FOOTBALL (RUGBY): SOUTH AFRICANS v. YORKSHIRE AT LEEDS

Roos (the captain) jumping for the ball. The match was, as usual, won by the "Springboks" by 34 points to nil

DESPITE the inclement weather th
success this year, and the num
descriptions, was enormous. Several
Saturday, owing to the rain. On the
the race between the much maligned
had its complement of passengers, an
Serpollet, with a F.I.A.T. a close sec
of course, the lowering of the world'
Lee Guinness, who accomplished the
miles an hour. If this had not been
startling result would doubtless have

at Blackpool

RECORDS (AND,
NES) WERE BROKEN
URDAY

Photo *Dixon*

Dixon

Making the ladies' record

Miss Dorothy Levitt establishing the ladies' record of 24 3-5 seconds for the "flying kilomètre" in a 90 h.-p. Napier. Her time is exactly the same as that recorded by Mr. Cecil Edge. During the flight the wind lifted the bonnet from the front of the car, and whirled it over the driver's head, narrowly missing it. Our photograph shows the car finishing minus its bonnet

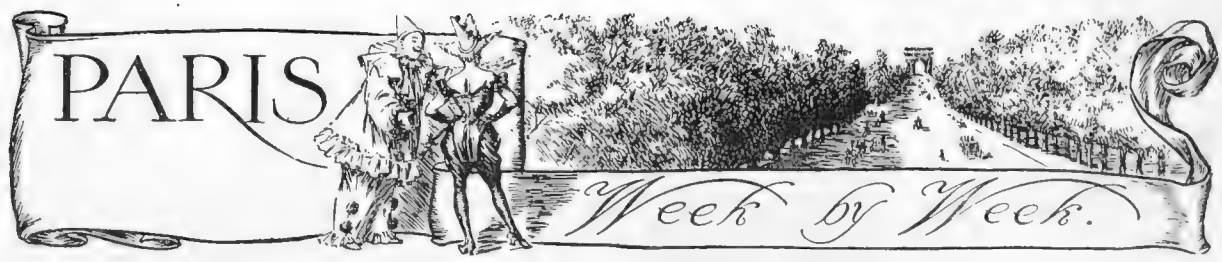
tween Darracqs

d Mr. Tom Thornycroft's 30 h.-p. Darracq the "Flying Kilo." in 26sec.

kpool Motor Meeting has been a great cars present, of all shapes, sizes and s had to be postponed from Friday to ay, the item of most general interest was ow necessary, motor-'bus. Each vehicle race was won by the 40 h.-p. Darracq- The event of the meeting, however, was, rd for the standing kilomètre by Mr. ce in 32·25sec., or at the rate of 68·61 the teeth of a strong wind, a still more hieved.

FOOTBALL (ASSOCIATION): BRENTFORD v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR AT BRENTFORD

Good heading by Brentford. The match resulted in a draw (2 all)



By FRANCES KEYZER

Stranger Than Fiction

If Zola were alive he would have a great moral satisfaction. Those who have read his wonderful work "La Terre," will remember a curious incident of a donkey, having found his way into a shed where vats of wine were stored, drank several gallons of the fermenting liquid, and, hopelessly drunk, had to be taken home in a cart. When Zola's book appeared, his detractors, among other things, stated that if the gifted author knew anything about the asinine species, he would never have related such a cock-and-bull story. Unfortunately for them, a case just brought before the 9th Paris Police Court proves that Zola was right.

* * *

A Bibulous Donkey

A man called Cenfrin was charged with having been intoxicated and having assaulted the police in the execution of their duty. But what—according to the learned magistrate—made the matter worse was that the man's donkey was in the same condition as his master. The conversation between the gentleman on the bench and the man in the dock would have supplied splendid material to a farce-writer. "Not only did you disgrace yourself," said the irate judge, "but you made your poor donkey the laughing-stock of hundreds of people who had collected and were creating a disturbance.' "I do not look upon him as a donkey," replied the man; "he is my companion, my friend; and when I have a drop, I like him to have his share." "But he had more than his share," insisted the judge. "No, he hadn't," retorted the defendant, "I had more than he. And it was not 'spirits,' but hot wine with sugar, which he likes very much!" A sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment put an end to the discussion.

* * *

M. Boni de Castellane

M. Boni de Castellane, whose election was recently invalidated, has been re-elected by his constituents, and taken his seat in the Chamber of Deputies. In England M. de Castellane's name is very well known. He has been prominently before the public as a duellist, as the hero in several love intrigues, and quite recently as one of the chief actors in a divorce suit. Much has been said and written about him, and against him, yet nobody has ever referred to his work as a Deputy. In this respect he certainly has not been fairly treated. This tall young man, with his fair, curly hair, and slight fair moustache, this professional lady-killer, takes his duties as a politician really seriously. He will attack the Government and defend the Vatican in its recent strife in connection with the Separation Bill. But he will do it in becoming language; and is by no means a bad speaker. It is rumoured that he aspires to become a kind of mediator between the Pope and the Government of the Republic. The Pope will probably listen to him; but will the Republic have recourse to his services? It is not likely, yet the improbable frequently occurs.

* * *

Old Age Pensions

In a moment of generosity, a law has been passed to aid old people. But the legislators, apparently, had no idea of the number who would stretch out a shaky and trembling hand to receive the alms granted by the State. The figure is appalling. There are in Paris, no less than 56,181—those aged people whom Fortune has disinherited! Out of these, 5,389—the privileged ones—will receive 25*s.* per month, 4,000 will receive 15*s.* per month, 15,000 8*s.*, 2,188 6*s.* per month, and the remaining 29,604 1*d.* per day! This penny will cost the Budget something like £57,000 annually, yet, to quote the words of a well-known Deputy, "it is a manna of which the wretched recipients will not feel the effects." For all that, the aged indigents are only too happy to receive this penny, and numerous are the applicants for this pitiful bounty. The reason is not far to seek. They constitute a kind of entrance card to the homes for the aged poor. There are many such institutions, but in no way sufficient to house them all; and this penny per day proves that the applicant is really deserving of charity, and not, as it frequently happens, an impostor. Insufficient aid is no aid. The system, such as it is now applied, does not act properly, and other means must be found to work it on a better basis.

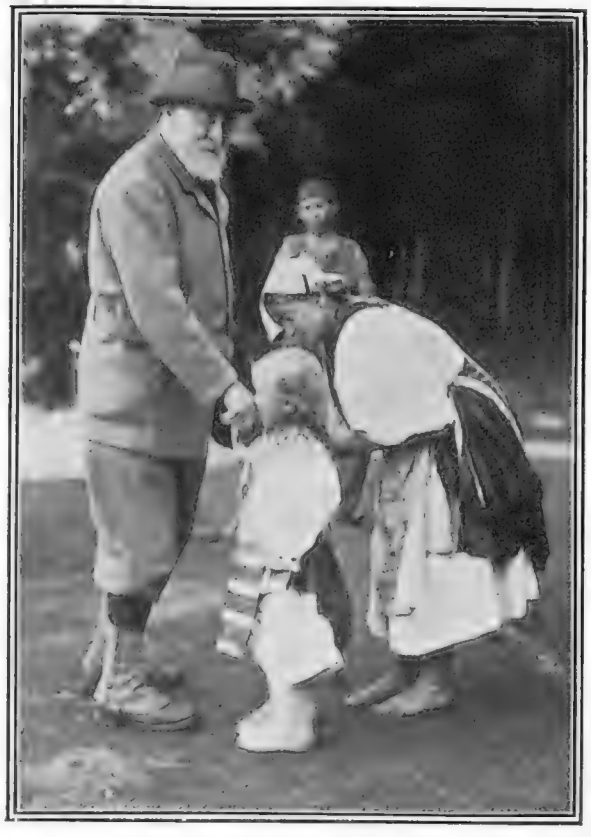
* * *

At the Nouveautés Theatre

At the Nouveautés Theatre, on the Boulevards, a play has just been produced that surpasses everything hitherto put upon the French stage for coarseness. The daily papers are announcing it as a big success, but it is a question whether the public of the dress rehearsal—after which the criticisms are written—are the real public. The house "roared with laughter," say the critics. But what is the "house" at a dress rehearsal at the Nouveautés? A handful of journalists, and balcony, boxes, and stalls, filled with minor actresses and actors out of work. Are they judges of the taste of the great public? I happened to be at the dress rehearsal of this play, and never remember having seen anything more indecent. There are certain subjects that cannot be broached on the stage, even with Parisian lightness. And it will surprise me if the decent, thinking population of Paris, echo the words of the critics, influenced, no doubt, by their surroundings. Mothers and fathers, beware of taking your daughters—no matter how emancipated—to see *Vous n'avez rien à déclarer?* at the Nouveautés.

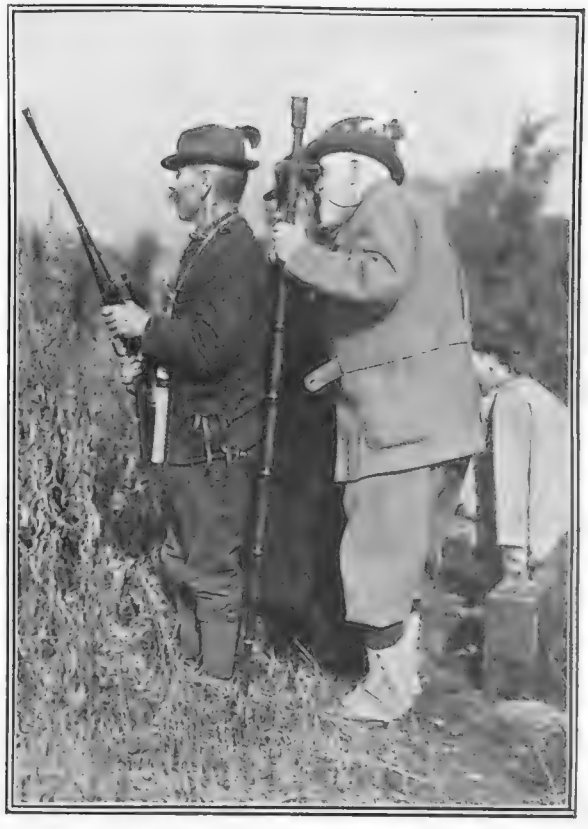
Royalty Roughing It

PRINCES' DEMOCRATIC DOINGS IN THE WILDS OF HUNGARY



Prince Christian and a peasant child

His Royal Highness, who has been the guest of Prince Philip of Coburg on his Hungarian estate, has fraternised freely with the people, and has shown especial interest in the children



Watching a stag

The chief occupation of the Royal party has been hunting, and they have had excellent sport. Prince Christian is here looking to see if the stag is big enough to be shot

Photos] **Prince and pauper** [*Illustrations Bureau*

During his sojourn on his Hungarian estates, Prince Philip of Coburg shows the utmost interest in the peasantry, no matter how great their poverty. The photograph shows the Prince in active conversation with a typical Magyar mendicant

Games and Pastimes

Scottish v. Harlequins

The play in the match between the London Scottish and the Harlequins at Richmond on Saturday was by no means as brilliant as the presence of seven internationals in the field might have led one to expect; but it was a good hard game all the same, and a pretty even one. Indeed, the Scottish were, perhaps, a little lucky to win by as much as two goals and a try to a goal, especially as they lost their full-back before half-time, and had to play seven forwards against eight in consequence. But the Harlequins were clearly overmatched at half-back, where their scrum half, Sibree, was usually smothered by one or other of the international pair (Simpson and Munro) opposed to him, whilst, if he succeeded in getting the ball away, his passes were seldom easy to take, and I cannot help thinking that, in the circumstances, Stoop would have been more useful if he had stood up instead of standing off. J. G. Birkett was about the best three-quarter on the ground; he did an immense amount of saving work, and was mainly instrumental in the gaining of the Harlequins' only try. The Scottish forwards, besides holding their own in the scrums, were very quick and clever in the open. One of their number, Young, got the second Scottish try very smartly, and the third was led up to by them, for they were on to the opposing back before he could get in a kick, which he evidently thought he had plenty of time for, and the result was that, after a short scrummage near the goal-line, Munro got over.

Photo *Dixon*

A goal to Staines in the Staines v. Kingston Hill Hockey Match

In the match between Staines and Kingston Hill, at Staines on Saturday, the home team beat Kingston Hill by 7 goals to 1

The London Welsh Go Down Heavily and Unexpectedly

The surprise of Saturday's remaining Rugger results was undoubtedly the defeat of the London Welsh at Portsmouth by the United Services. Even allowing for the fact that they were not as strong as last year (when they had an unbeaten record in their London matches), and that for the greater part of the time they were one short, it was not expected that they would lose, and still less that they would lose by such a big score as three goals and three tries to nothing. On this form the Services must be one of the strongest teams in the South, and their doings for the rest of the season will be watched with interest, especially if their best men are able to play regularly in spite of the exigencies of their duties. Richmond, who are quite weak this season so far, were well beaten by Liverpool, and Blackheath, though they had rather the better of the game against the Old Merchant Taylors, could only manage to make a draw of it—one try each. If they persevere with the New Zealand formation, they may come to be known in time as All-Blackheath. No one expected the South Africans to do anything but win against Yorkshire, for they had already beaten stronger county teams. The only question was, how many points they would pile up, and the total turned out to be 34. Carolin, their crack half-back, got two tries, and placed four goals (two penalty), and Hirsch, Stegmann, and Piet Le Roux also got two tries apiece.

Three Draws in the London Charity Cup

There were three matches in the London Charity Cup on Saturday, but for all that the competition "got no forrader," for, curiously enough, a draw was the result in each case. Dulwich Hamlet and Ealing ended up 3-all at Champion Hill; Clapton and Casuals were 1-all at Upton; and the New Crusaders (with the Farnfield family in strong force), and the Old Carthusians likewise got one apiece at Leyton.

A Prominent Lady Swimmer

Of the six new swimming records (as recognised by the Amateur Swimming Association) which have been made this year, not the least noteworthy is that of Miss J. Fletcher for 100 yards, for in the space of ten days she thrice succeeded in reducing the time for that distance. Beginning with the Ladies' Hundred Yards' Championship race itself, she won in 1min. 24sec., which was $^3/_5$sec. better than the record held jointly by Miss Scott and Miss D. Curwen, and that same evening, in the Leeds Ladies' Championship, she did the distance in 1min. 21sec. This time she further improved upon at the Ravensbourne S.C. meeting, held at the Westminster Baths on September 29, by doing 1min. 20$^1/_5$sec. Miss Fletcher, although only sixteen years of age, is already regarded as the finest lady swimmer ever seen in England, nor is it likely that she has yet reached her zenith. She swims on her side, with a powerful leg kick, very similar to that of J. A. Jarvis, the long-distance champion, whose style she has evidently taken as a model. Jarvis, by the way, is another of the year's record-breakers, for he has reduced his own time for the long-distance championship from 63min. 48$^1/_5$sec. to 63min. 40sec.

A Correction

In our issue of September 26, a photograph of Mrs. Charles Cunninghame-Graham was, by an inadvertence, used as that of the late Mrs. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. We beg to tender our regrets to Mrs. Charles Cunninghame-Graham for the inconvenience caused her by the mistake.—EDITOR.

Worldly Short Story No. 45

A PUFF OF EAST WIND

By ELLALINE TERRISS

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

THE East wind can blow pretty strong in Northaven, even in the merry month of June. It arose without any warning one bright sunny day, and in one of its mad freaks caught up a scrap of paper and wafted it gaily to the feet of a young man who was strolling leisurely along the Cliffs.

Eric Holbrooke, who was at the moment studying a memorandum in his pocket-book, stooped and picked up the fluttering sheet, placing it mechanically as a bookmarker between the leaves of the book in his hand. Then he slowly resumed his walk, so deep in meditation that he did not see a lady carefully descending the cliff-side, and when their ways met, he walked right into her, almost pushing her off the narrow path.

"I beg your pardon," said Holbrooke, reddening.

"Not at all," was the polite rejoinder, and the bright smile which accompanied the commonplace phrase was so reassuring that Holbrooke found himself smiling in response, as he lifted his cap and made way for the lady to pass. As she did so, he had time to notice that she was young and prepossessing in appearance; moreover, that she carried under her arm a small writing-folio, although the importance of this last fact did not at the time strike him as interesting.

Ten days ago Eric Holbrooke had landed in London, after four long years of exile from his native land. Of the tragedy which had driven him forth to the ends of the earth there is little to tell, since it was a love story such as has marred the life of many a man before and since. A young man's fancy—lightly turned to thoughts of love—an impulsive wooing, and speedy marriage. A few brief months of happiness, then the bitter awakening. Two years of hopeless, wearing misery spent with the unfortunate victim of an inherited passion for drink. Merciful death at length intervened and released the unhappy wife from her affliction, and Holbrooke from his bondage. The child of their marriage, a weakly infant of a year old, had been placed in the charge of an old aunt of Holbrooke's, and then he had gone "out West" to try and forget.

. . . .

For four years Holbrooke remained abroad, but now the craving for a sight of the "dear Homeland" had brought the wanderer back, and old associations had led him first to Northaven, where the years of his boyhood had been spent.

It was not until late that evening that Holbrooke had occasion again to open his pocket-book, and when he did so, the sheet of paper he had picked up on the cliffs dropped out. In some perplexity, Holbrooke picked it up, and read what was evidently a portion of a letter in a lady's handwriting :—

Snug Corner, The Cliffs, Northaven.

MY PRECIOUS ONE,—Here I am at last, sitting perched up on a rock, like an old mother sea-gull, writing to you as I promised. How I wish you were here beside me, darling, but you very soon will be, and *then* what a nice time we will have! You will like Northaven very much, I am sure, and we will have lovely walks and rambles all over the place. I am always thinking of you, dearie, and wondering what you are doing, and if you miss your——

Here the letter broke off, and Holbrooke read the fond, foolish words many times before a light dawned on him, and he remembered the incident of the morning.

"The lady carried a writing folio, certainly," he said to himself, "but how could a portion of *her* letter get into my pocket-book?" Of the puff of East wind which had played the trick, during his fit of abstraction, he had no recollection. Almost against his will, his eyes sought the page again, and a remembrance of the sweet face beneath the red sunshade came back to him vividly. "To her lover, of course," said Eric, and, somehow, across his iron-bound soul, a breath of tenderness passed, and he sighed as he replaced the crumpled sheet in his pocket-book. "I must give it back, of course. I hope he is worthy of her, whoever he may be. A dear little face, and one to be trusted. What would life have been to me had I married a woman like that," he mused.

The next day was cold and misty, and a drizzling rain fell continuously; a second day no better followed, and Eric Holbrooke sat in his cosy parlour at the Queen's Arms Hotel, and basked in the warmth of a splendid fire. The letter so strangely come by was still in his possession, and many a time, during those two days, had Eric scanned its contents, wondering to whom those tender, foolish lines were addressed. On the third day, the mist rolled away, the sun shone forth again, and Holbrooke resumed his rambles. But although he several times encountered the supposed writer of

Photo Ellis and Walery

Miss Ellaline Terriss

Who, as the above will prove, is an author as well as an actress

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

the lost letter, somehow his intention of returning it was never carried out, for some unaccountable fancy had seized him to cling to that tiny pencilled sheet.

One morning, returning from the cove where he took his daily swim, he saw the slim, girlish figure just ahead of him, mounting the winding path. Some caprice made Holbrooke follow in the lady's footsteps until he saw her turn in at the gate of a pretty white cottage. "She lives there, does she?" muttered he to himself, and, later in the day, he, too, pushed open the green gate, and, going up the path, knocked half-shame-facedly at the front door, for he was determined to know more of this sweet-faced girl —at any rate, he might at least discover her name.

A tidy-looking woman answered his knock, but shook her head decidedly when he asked if she had lodgings to let.

"I am sorry, sir, but my rooms is let for the whole summer to Mrs. Graham, from Peterborough."

"Thank you," said Holbrooke, as he lifted his cap and turned away, "I am sorry. Your cottage has such a pretty view."

"Mrs. Graham, from Peterborough, a young bride, I suppose, still sufficiently in love to write her husband *billets deux*," thought Holbrooke to himself, but in this supposition he was mistaken, as was proved by the events of the very next day. Holbrooke had strolled as far as the old fortress, which crowned the promontory to the West of the bay, and returning, had thrown himself down to rest in a comfortable nook on the lower slope of the cliff. He lighted a cigar, and, taking a book from his pocket, had been lost in its contents some little time when he became conscious of the gaze of a pair of blue eyes. He looked up to discover standing before him a very small boy in a man-o'-war suit, with a wide-brimmed sailor's hat pushed to the back of a very curly head. The blue eyes were sweet and earnest, but the small, sunburnt face wore a look of distress, and the child held out disconsolately a handful of tangled fishing line.

"Well, little man?" said Holbrooke inquiringly, laying down his book, as the little fellow regarded him wistfully, "and who are you?"

The boy's red lips parted in a charming smile. "I'se Sonny," he said promptly.

"Sonny?" repeated Holbrooke wonderingly, "what else?"

"Just Sonny," said the little fellow, nodding his curls, and then, dropping his voice confidingly, he added, "I'se yunned away!"

"You have, have you?" said Eric, looking amusedly into the frank, childish face. "Who from?"

"From Marmie," said Sonny gleefully, "I'm 'joying myself awfully. I'se been fissing, down there," pointing a chubby finger in the direction of the line of black rocks below them, and giggling happily. Then, coming nearer, he held out the dripping tangle of weedy line and said coaxingly, "But the line got hisself all tangledy, and I couldn't fiss no more. Could you put it right, please?"

Holbrooke gravely accepted the wet mass, and, with a few deft twists, he soon freed it from its tangle, and wound it carefully upon the piece of stick attached to one end.

Sonny clapped his hands as Eric put the coil into his hand, saying kindly, "I wouldn't go fishing by myself any more if I were you, Sonny, old chap. You might fall into the water you know, and get drowned."

At this point of the conversation, from somewhere above the nook where they were sheltering, came the cry of, "Sonny! Sonny! where are you, sweetheart?"

"That's Marmie calling," cried the little truant, and, forgetful of all else, he sprang away to meet the anxious searcher.

Holbrooke stood up, and, peering over the top of the boulder beneath which he had been sitting, was just in time to see the slight figure of "Mrs. Graham" come hastening down the steep path to receive the laughing child in her arms. "Oh, Sonny! where have you been? How could you frighten your poor Marmie so!" he heard her say.

"Wife and *Mother!*" thought Eric to himself, as he picked up his book once more and settled himself more comfortably in his corner. But instead of reading, his eyes rested wistfully on the dancing water, and his thoughts were busy with the past. Save for his motherless, unknown, and less cared for son, Eric Holbrooke had no near relatives left to him. The old aunt who had mothered his own orphan childhood, and in whose charge his child had been left, had since died, and the care of the little one had been transferred to strangers. By-and-by, Holbrooke intended to seek out his child, and assure himself that it was in proper hands, but he shrank from what was to him a painful duty, bringing back memories of the unhappy past.

From the day of his encounter with little Sonny, the prospect of meeting the inmates of the white cottage on the cliff lent new interest to Holbrooke's daily rambles. In course of time they came to exchange greetings when they met, and Sonny's bright eyes sparkled gleefully when he spied "my man," and he would run to meet him, and show off his "treasures"—seaweed, shells, and all manner of moist and wriggly habitants of the pools among the rocks.

In spite of the landlady's statement and the existence of little "Sonny," one small, faint hope kept repeating itself in Holbrooke's lonely heart. It *might* be (oh, that it *might* be), that for her, too, her love-story was past, and she was free. But the letter! Eric drew it from his pocket-book, and read it for the hundredth time. Then, with a sigh, replaced it in its resting-place. No, no, impossible, those words were written to one dearly beloved and of close relationship; he must put an end to his wild dreams. That very night he would pack his portmanteau, and the morning should see him far away from all temptation to indulge in visions. Full of this resolve, Holbrooke rang the bell, and, summoning his landlord, gave notice of his intention to leave on the morrow; and then, sitting down to the table, he wrote a note to his solicitors in town, asking them to send him the address of the lady (whose name he had forgotten) to whom they were in the habit of making the monthly payment for the support of his child.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, when Holbrooke at length put on his hat and set off for what must be his last stroll. The tide was coming in rapidly, and the noise of the advancing waves, booming against the black rocks below, foretold a storm. Holbrooke followed the path which wound downwards towards the beach, until, coming to a little plateau of green turf, which, jutting out, commanded a magnificent view of the beach and rocks below, he flung himself down to rest awhile, and enjoy a pipe. But happening to glance downwards, while in the act of lighting his pipe, he saw a sight which made him drop the burning match and utter a stifled exclamation. There, in the cove below, where the line of grey rocks stretched out to meet the sea, and a danger-post warned bathers to enter at their peril, he saw a little figure standing, outlined against the lowering sky. It was Sonny! So busy he was, his small body bent double as he leaned over the rock, and dabbled his line in one of the deep, treacherous

(Continued on page 134)

A Forthcoming Stage Début

Photo Johnston and Hoffman
Mr. Paul Rubens, composer of "Miss Hook of Holland"

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Brogden, who will take a leading part in "Miss Hook of Holland"

Miss Brogden, who, like Miss Phyllis Dare, has just come from a convent school, is only eighteen. She is the possessor of a beautiful voice, and was trained by Miss Muriel Wilson, the talented amateur actress, so well known in Society. *Miss Hook of Holland*, the next musical comedy by Mr. Rubens, will be produced at the Prince of Wales's

(Continued from page 132)

pools below. Sonny was "fissing," but where was his loving, watchful protector, and what was she thinking of, not to be aware of the little lad's danger? Holbrooke leaned forward, and shouted a loud "Holloa," for in a moment he guessed the truth, that Sonny had "yunned away."

"*Sonny!*" he roared, "don't lean over like that!" But the wind bore his voice away in the opposite direction, and the unconscious little fisherman leaned nearer and nearer the rising water. Holbrooke sprang to his feet, and began to hurry down the path, when suddenly he heard the crash of a bigger wave than usual, as it dashed against the rocks. One agonised glance below showed him that the tiny red-capped figure was gone, and with a hoarse cry, Holbrooke leapt from the path to the edge of the cliff, and swung himself over. Heedless of torn clothes and bleeding hands, for every moment was precious, he slid down the steep incline, and, breathless and exhausted, at length gained the beach. Stumbling to his feet, he raced across the shingle and reached the place where Sonny had disappeared. Not too late, thank God! For as he gained the rocks, he caught a glimpse of a wet yellow head, and two small clenched hands upstretched for a moment above the surface of the water—the wave had swept the child into the pool, and not out to the hungry sea, as he had feared.

In the twinkling of an eye, Holbrooke had scrambled over the slippery rocks, and was standing up to his arm-pits in the pool, ready to grasp the boy as he rose again close to him. He gripped the sailor collar of the child's blouse, and in another moment, holding "Sonny" firmly in his arms, he staggered to the shore. Thank Heaven, the child was living, for the blue eyes were open and stared up at him piteously, the gurgling breath coming in fitful gasps. Up the steep path Holbrooke sped, carrying his dripping burden, and as he came in sight of the white cottage a woman ran out and hastened to meet him, wringing her hands.

"Oh, what has happened?" she cried distractedly. "My precious one! Sonny! my little Sonny!"

"Sonny is quite safe; please do not alarm yourself too much," cried Holbrooke in his cheeriest voice; "he has had a wetting, but will be none the worse for it, I hope."

"And you have saved him—you are wet, too. Oh, how can I thank you," said "Mrs. Graham," thankful tears springing to her soft eyes as she took the child from Holbrooke's arms, and bore him into the cottage. Refusing her entreaty to accompany them, and have his clothing dried, Holbrooke returned home; but an hour or two later he once more strode up the walk leading to the cottage. Before he had time to knock, the door was opened, and "Mrs. Graham" stood before him.

"Come in, please, come in," she said, holding out her hand; "Sonny is asleep, and oh, so much better! Tell me now all that happened."

"How can I thank you," she said, when Eric had related his story, and her brown eyes were moist with thankful tears, "if it had not been for you Sonny would have been drowned."

"Do not thank me," said Eric, smilingly, "but believe me, Mrs. Graham, how glad I am to have been of service to your little boy."

A smile flitted across the sweet face, with the soft eyes uplifted to his. "It is kind of you to say so," she said brightly, "but you are making a mistake; I am not 'Mrs. Graham,' but Mrs. Graham's governess. Sonny is not her little boy, nor is he mine, although people think so sometimes when they hear him call me 'Marmie.' My name is Miss Armour, and Sonny has shortened it into 'Marmie.'"

"But—but, I don't understand," stammered Eric; "they told me here, when I called one day to ask for lodgings, that the rooms were let for the summer to Mrs. Graham—from Peterborough."

"Yes," said Miss Armour, smiling, "that is quite correct. Almost everyone knows Mrs. Graham, of Sunnybank House, Peterborough. She has a home school for young children whose parents are abroad. In the summer, Mrs. Graham takes a cottage at the seaside, and brings her charges there for change of air. Sonny is our youngest child, and, as he has not been very well, Mrs. Graham sent him on here with me for a fortnight, in advance of the rest of her establishment."

Holbrooke's brain seemed all in a whirl, but he managed to say, "You seem very devoted to your little charge."

"I am, oh yes, indeed," said the girl, her eyes growing tender. "Sonny is such a lovable little fellow. He came to live with Mrs. Graham when he was quite a wee mite. His mother is dead, and his father lives abroad somewhere. I fear he does not care much about his son, poor little man, as he has never once been to see him, or even written to Mrs. Graham personally—only communicating through his lawyers, when business matters made it necessary."

"His name?" said Holbrooke abruptly, his breath coming quickly. "What is Sonny's full name?"

"His name is Sydney Holbrooke." Miss Armour broke off in amazed surprise, for Eric suddenly made a step forward, uttering a loud exclamation.

"Miss Armour," he said hoarsely, "*my* name is Holbrooke—Eric Holbrooke—and I am Sonny's father."

"*You!*" The girl grew crimson, and her eyes quivered painfully. "Oh, Mr. Holbrooke, I am so sorry. I should not have said that ——"

"Indeed, I deserve your reproach," said Holbrooke earnestly. "I have failed in my duty towards my poor little lad, but, please God, I will try from now to do differently."

"Hark! I hear Sonny calling," said Miss Armour, as the sound of a child's voice came from within somewhere. "I will fetch him, shall I?"

Holbrooke nodded silently, and Miss Armour slipped away, returning soon afterwards with Sonny in her arms. She placed the little fellow on his father's knee, whispering to him to "kiss Daddy," then turned away that she might not see the mist that dimmed the man's grave eyes, as he clasped the child to him with an aching tenderness.

"Sonny, my own little Sonny, will you love your daddy?" he murmured, and the boy slipped a warm arm around his new-found father's neck, and whispered, "Yes, I loves you now, daddy—and you will mend my fissing-line again, won't you?"

Some days later, Eric ventured to produce the blurred letter and ask Mary Armour for an explanation.

"Why, fancy you getting hold of that!" she laughed. "It is a nonsense letter I was writing to Sonny, when I first came and took the rooms, you know, and Sonny was still at Mrs. Graham's—and the wind carried it off! I couldn't find the sheet anywhere, and thought it must have blown into the sea."

Eric Holbrooke was strangely silent as he folded the precious paper once more. In his grave, dark eyes sparkled the light of a new-born joy, and deep within his heart he felt anew the flutter of Hope's tender wings.

Eleanor Farnes.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (Sixth Series)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii.)

"The Bystander" in Dutch East Borneo

Photo sent by Mr. H. D. Jensen, Sanga Sanga, Dutch East Borneo. 'My 'companion' is a young proboscis monkey, which was caught swimming in the River Mahakan near here." He also asks for value of the prize to be expended in copies of THE BYSTANDER, and we shall send him the paper for four months, an alternative which any other prizewinner may choose

"The Bystander" on the Dent du Midi

Sent by Mr. J. Robertson, 118, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, who says: "This was taken on the top of the Haute Cime, the highest peak of the Dent du Midi, which is nearly two miles high (10,966 ft.). During an ascent the middle man, sitting down, was badly hurt by a falling rock, but after a nip of brandy and a look at THE BYSTANDER, he was able to proceed"

"The Bystander" in Egypt

The sender, Mr. W. H. Williamson, 2, Sharia Bank-el-Waterni, Cairo, writes: "This view was taken in the Aswan Reservoir, and shows the high-level sluices at reduced level. The reservoir, in the hot summer months, is emptied, and the many millions of cubic mètres of water passing these and other lower-level gates daily is all carefully distributed over the whole of Egypt in well-organised rotation by the irrigation engineers for the benefit of the valuable crops, and comes as a boon and a blessing to the hardworking fellaheen, when otherwise the crops would be dying for want of moisture"

Actress as Philanthropist

Photo] **Miss Olga Nethersole in a new rôle** [*Thomas*

This famous actress is now exerting her efforts to form a "Women's International Anti-Tuberculosis League," and has offered to give £100 towards the formation of such a movement on condition that one hundred other persons will subscribe a like amount. Miss Nethersole, as the above photograph indicates, adds solo card-playing ("Patience") to her hobbies

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"In the Days of the Comet." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"Puck of Pook's Hill." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"Sophy of Kravonia." By Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith: 6s.)
"From Midshipman to Field-Marshal." By Sir Evelyn Wood. (Methuen.)

Looking Backward on Mr. H. G. Wells

(*Supplied by "The Bystander" Reviewer, A.D.* 1956)

Rummaging a fiftieth-hand bookstall in one of the reeking courts off Kingsway the other day, I happened on a grimy-looking volume, entitled *In the Days of the Comet* (published by the firm of Macmillan, and bearing the date 1906). It is the work of one Wells, who, it would appear, enjoyed a certain vogue early in the 'tens as a writer of fantastic forecasts of the future. Wells, however, unlike his contemporaries, brought to bear on his queer work a certain amount of literary talent and imagination. Further, his prophecies of what was to happen in the years following his time had a certain idealism about them which was entirely to his credit, and read to-day, as well as being quite amusing in the light of what *has* actually happened in the last fifty years, are not without a certain forcible morality.

Photo *Russell*

Mr. H. G. Wells

A writer of curious prophecies, who flourished some time in the early twentieth century. A copy of a volume, entitled *In the Days of the Comet* (Macmillan), bearing the date of 1906, is above considered by our reviewer A.D. 1956

The Weirdness of Wells

Wells if you please, forecasted that, at a stated period early in this century, a period of industrial warfare, international strife, and general discontent (very like that of our own time), there would happen a certain "change." Through the descent from the clouds of a pall of green vapour, warring mankind would suddenly be turned from strife and converted into an ideally happy, contented, philosophical community, on a cleansed, purified, and generally felicitous earth. The "change" was to happen at a critical moment in a supposed Anglo-German War, when the British and German fleets (warships then being in general use as weapons of war) were in action, and also at a time when Capital and Labour were at loggerheads with each other (just as they are now). Incidentally, certain human characters settled their squabbles with each other on a basis of equity, and instituted something which was popularly known at the time as "free love."

If Wells Were Here in 1956!

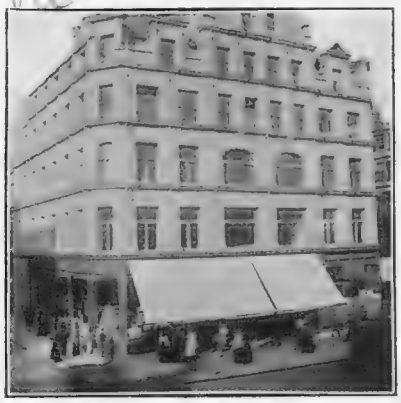
I need not dwell on Wells's plot. What is curious to us in 1956 is to reflect that there *could* be, in the happy days of King Edward VII., such dire discontent as is to be noted in this man. He wrote of the institutions of his day as if there were something *wrong* about them—for instance, he actually described a place as a "jumble of mines and homes, collieries and potbanks, railway-yards, canals, schools, forges and blast furnaces, churches, chapels, allotment-hovels, a vast irregular agglomeration of ugly smoking accidents in which men lived as happy as frogs in a dustbin." The place, forsooth, was none other than the "Black Country," so called, of 1906. Would that Wells could take a glance at it to-day! Then would he instantly sit down and pen a panegyric to the Potteries that *he* knew, as a green and smiling Arcadia compared with that which we know. He, also, actually had cause to complain of the methods of warfare of his day, fights between human armies and battleships! Wells should have lived to experience one of *our* wars. He should have been in Berlin during its recent magnetic fusing by the million-volt batteries of the Magyars at Pesth. He should have been in Paris during the Terror of 1946, when the airships of the Communal-Anarchists bombarded the boulevards with hellite, and ejected jets of white-hot bilkaloid on the screaming population below. Then would he have sung a pæan of praise to Providence for placing his period when it did, and not later.

Our Substitutes for the Late Yellow Press

He tilts at a "yellow press"—newspapers priced at one halfpenny—which, it seems, used scare headlines and disseminated false news. Poor Wells! If only he could walk down Aldwych and hear our raucous gramophones belching out, simultaneously, the winners of a motor-steeplechase, the casualties in the afternoon's row in the Irish Commons, the latest revelations of scandal in low life, or of virtue in the West End; if he could hear the ceaseless iddy-iddy of the Umptiphone on an election night; if he could see the Blitzograph flash forth the supper-time scores in the footer-cricket match between the Hanwell Hotspurs and the Colney Hatch Eleven; if he could only undergo the experience of being Marconified in mid-street by a message from Mars; then would Wells sing loud alleluias that he lived at a time when there were newspapers to read, and when a man could learn the news of the day in peace and quiet, without suffering the entire ruination of all his sense organs.

The Battle of the Books

The "*Times* Book Club" cannot be congratulated on the appeal to the gallery with which it has thought fit to reply to the very reasonable and business-like contentions of the Publishers' Association in regard to the "underselling" question. The publishers very rightly object to the conduct of the "Club" in connection with, chiefly, Mr. Churchill's life of his father, which was published last January at a price of 36*s.*, but which was, a few weeks later, being disposed of to "members" of the Book Club at 7*s.* The Club claimed that, as the public simply would not buy the book at its original price, they were compelled ultimately, as it were, to "chuck it away." Now, because the public, from various causes, does not rush to buy so important and elaborately illustrated a volume, within a week or two of its issue (the public was last January too busy deciding the merits of living politicians at the General Election to be in a mood to consider those of a deceased Statesman), is no reason why the same book should be regarded as a drug in the market, and its chances of making an ultimate profit for author and publisher discounted by its being sold for a song. The publishers are, to my mind, quite justified in fixing their own prices for their books (even as the publishers of THE BYSTANDER are justified in fixing their own price for this journal), and whether the public thinks the book worth it, is the public's affair, and its decision on the point will come out in the sales. For the Club to defend itself by introducing the worm-eaten controversy of the fabulous profits of the publisher, and his robbery of the reader, is to place the matter in a false perspective. The publisher may make his enormous profit when a book is a great success—but what of the books which hang fire? The success of one book, or one song, only compensates for the failures of dozens of others. Whatever be the merits of the Book Club's case, they cannot strengthen it by this tasteless *rechauffé* of the "Barabbas was a publisher" witticism.



The battle of the books

The headquarters of the forces of the "*Times* Book Club," in Oxford Street, which are now mobilising against the Publishers' Association. The question at issue is whether the Book Club should sell books at second-hand prices soon after their publication, to which the publishers have said emphatically, "No!"

* * *

The Descents of Mr. Kipling

Mr. Kipling is going through a most unusual evolution. While he (like less distinguished authors) is getting older and older, his literary style gets younger and younger. He started off some twenty years ago, as a writer of stories, poems, and sketches for quite mature people. Having done his duty by the middle-aged, he turned his attention to youths and gave us "Captains Courageous," and "Stalky and Co." Then, satisfied with his operations on schoolboys, he invaded the nursery, with "Just So Stories," and lastly, with *Puck of Pook's Hill* (Macmillan: 6*s.*) His next departure I watch with keen interest, and have already sent out my requisition for "Goo-Goo Stories" and "The Cradle Book" (for baby-readers), when in the fullness of time he sends them forth. *Puck of Pook's Hill* is intended for little children, being a series of little stories related to Miss Una and Master Dan by Puck incarnated, stories which aspire to let the little ones into the history of the Sussex country. They are little stories, with a distinctly mythological flavour, told in Mr. Kipling's best babyese, interspersed with some new Kipling poems. To express a competent opinion on them, it would be necessary to place the book in the hands of a child, and sit over him while he read it, and record his comments. Read by an adult, trying to approximate his point of view to that of the child-reader, *Puck of Pook's Hill* would seem about as fascinating, and a degree less interesting, than a history-book itself. For the latter, if dull, is direct and intelligible, while Mr. Kipling's is neither. There may, of course, be merit in the meaningless, if picturesquely expressed, and, in this case, *Puck of Pook's Hill* must be recommended to the attention of the general reader.

* * *

"From Midshipman to Field-Marshal!"

"What, 'im kill all them Zulus! Why, my old man would clout un."—An Elderly Peasant Woman on Sir Evelyn Wood.

The title of Sir Evelyn Wood's autobiography (Methuen) has a paradoxical twinge about it which compels attention. For the late Adjutant-General commenced his career as a "sailor-boy," and only graduated into the junior Service after the Crimea. Then the Mutiny (where he got his V.C.), Ashantee, the Zulu War, Majuba. Yes, Majuba! It was Wood who, after Colley's reverse, held it in his power to avenge it, but was stayed by the Government. Sir Evelyn makes but little comment on this, the greatest crisis of his military career, but, when he does mention the episode, his comment is terse and pointed. It arises in his narration of some of his talks with Beaconsfield, perhaps the most interesting notes in the book.

"You are young," said Dizzy to Wood, "some day you may be abroad, and let me urge you to carry out, not only the letter of the Cabinet's orders, but also the spirit of its instructions."

"Two years later, after Majuba," observes Sir Evelyn, "I had to ponder often on this admonition." If Sir Evelyn had disobeyed the Cabinet of 1881—which restrained him from avenging Colley—the history of Britain's home, foreign, and colonial policy of twenty years might have been metamorphosized. It only remains to add that the book is unusually interesting, full of pointed observations, anecdotes, and tinged with just the tiniest touch of self-satisfaction on the author's part, whereby he would seem to be, *à la* little Jack Horner, constantly pulling out plums from the pie of his experience, and saying, "What a good boy am I!" And in saying so, he says nothing but truth, for Wood sends a fine, clean reputation down to posterity, being one of the very few soldiers whose career was *not* ruined in South Africa.

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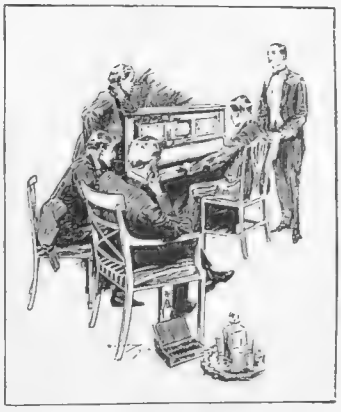

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¶ Paderewski's rendition may be compared with Bauer's, Moszkowski's interpretation with Strauss's, and so on. And the knowledge that authoritative interpretations are always at hand must add largely to the benefit and enjoyment derivable from pianoforte playing, not to mention the value of this invention from the educational point of view.

¶ All reasons that may be advanced for the possession of an ordinary piano apply with equal force to the Pianola Piano; and, in addition, this instrument has the inestimable advantage of possessing a répertoire of over 17,000 different compositions for anyone to play.

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Golf Notes and Notions

Royal and Ancient Golf Club Autumn Meeting

The last of the great amateur events of the year, the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, has gone on to the record of history, and Mr. Mansfield Hunter has added his name to that long and glorious list which contains the winners of the King William IV. medal. It gives me particular pleasure to congratulate Mr. Hunter on his fine performance, which, coming on top of his notable success just previously at North Berwick, shows that he has not only found his true form, but also his share of the sunshine of luck, without which medal winning is but a barren and heart-breaking endeavour. I think I am right in stating that this is Mr. Hunter's first success at St. Andrews, and I trust that it will give him fresh heart and confidence for the great contests of next year. He has not yet taken that place in the Amateur Championship to which his varied and admirable powers as a player entitle him. His win at St. Andrews was most popular, and I am confident that each one of the notable list of first-class players competing with him felt some measure of consolation for defeat in the thought that so charming and lovable an individual as Mr. Hunter had taken the post of honour.

Photo *Dixon*

Mr. Mansfield Hunter

Winner of the King William IV. Medal at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club Autumn Meeting

A Notable Feat

I always feel a peculiar interest in the doings of both him and his brother, Mr. Norman Hunter, for, years ago, when they were still in their teens, I had the pleasure of playing some delightful foursomes with them, and I remember that my partner and I agreed in prophesying a great future for both brothers, a prophecy which has been amply verified in both cases. It is an added feather in Mr. Mansfield Hunter's cap that he should have carried off the medal in a field comprising a very large proportion of the best amateur talent. When I say that Messrs. E. B. H. Blackwell, C. K. Hutchison, R. Maxwell, J. E. Laidlay, N. F. Hunter, H. G. Hutchinson, A. G. Barry, and S. Mure Fergusson, not to mention the captain, Mr. L. Balfour-Melville, all competed, I have sufficiently indicated the brilliant character of the field, and the notable feat which Mr. Mansfield Hunter has performed.

A New Ball

I understand that Mr. Hunter played with the new "Ace" ball, which has a gelatine centre, and is made by the same firm which produces the well-known "Professional" ball. I have tried one of these balls, but am unable to give a favourable opinion of it, as I fear that it suffers from the same defect as the "Liquid Core" and the "Pneumatic," viz., a tendency to go heavily with a low flight off wooden clubs. On a course like St. Andrews this, perhaps, would not be noticeable, but at Sandwich, or any similar course requiring high carries off the tee, it would be most detrimental.

The Winner of the Club Gold Medal

The winner of the Club Gold Medal, Mr. Crawley Boevey, has added to the fame which he achieved in carrying off the Jubilee Vase earlier in September. He will now, doubtless, have to toe the scratch mark. His is a new name to me in the annals of golf, but I hope to hear more of him, and to have to record further successes of his in the future. The business meeting of the Club was uneventful, the suggested alteration of the date of the Amateur Championship being negatived, while the suggestions of the Professional Golfers' Association respecting the Open Championship had not yet been received, so that the Club simply confined itself to continuing the full powers vested in its delegate, Mr. J. L. Low, to act for it and report in due course.

Some Recommendations

I have seen it stated that since then the Committee of the Professional Golfers' Association have met, and have sent their recommendations to the Championship authorities. The nature of these recommendations is not known, and we shall have to wait for the report of the Championship delegates to learn what has been suggested to them, and what they, in their turn, may recommend the clubs controlling the Championship to do. I am sorry, however, to see it hinted that the idea of a qualifying competition, preliminary to a final tournament by match play, has not found favour in the eyes of the professionals. I still hope that this may prove an incorrect surmise. I do not see how any alteration, short of this, can be practicable, nor how the difficulty of giving every competitor throughout the country the chance to which he is entitled, and yet limiting the entries, can be met except by that method.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

A Correction

We extremely regret that in our last issue we gave the name of the new Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, as Mr. Leslie Balfour, whereas it should have been Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville.

A WORD TO THE LADIES

SUCCESSFUL INNOVATION IN DINING. BY W. T. HEDGES

The good lady who told her daughter, about to be married, that the most reliable way of ensuring the constancy of his affection was to "feed the brute," uttered a great truth. True, she put it somewhat crudely; one might almost say brutally. But the value of the advice is not impaired thereby. The Germans have a punning saying, "Mann ist was er isst" ("Man is what he eats"). But that is only a half truth What a man is depends also upon where he eats.

This being so, the dutiful wife will make it her business to influence her husband in the choice of a restaurant where food is not only nourishing and palatable, but where it can be taken amid cheerful surroundings, and under conditions that appeal to his æsthetic sensibilities. In a word, she will take him to the New Gaiety Restaurant in the Strand.

For there, what may be termed the spiritual aspect of dinner, which has been so well described as the meal of hospitality, is skilfully cultivated. There are dainty alcoves in the balcony which surrounds the palatial dining saloon, where little parties, in sight and hearing of all the gaiety and bustle which make dining out so welcome a change to the women of a family, may yet have a semi-privacy of their own. White, relieved by cherry-red, greets the eye everywhere, a colouring that exhilarates and cheers. Soft music, never loud or obtrusive, falls upon the ear. All is daintiness, elegance, repose.

And then there is the happy innovation which combines the desirable qualities of two hitherto antagonistic modes of dining. You know how the worthy man grumbles at the menu of the *table d'hôte* dinner. If he approves one dish, he disapproves another; the combination is never quite to his taste, and many a pleasant evening has been spoilt because of this dissatisfaction at the outset. On the other hand, most ladies are equally familiar with the puckered brows and contracted lips as he struggles with the *carte*, if dinner *à la carte* is decided upon. You know how he is all the time working out problems in mental arithmetic to discover what the total will amount to. And that, also, does not make for a good time.

But at the Gaiety the price is fixed, the selection of dishes is left to the diner. The dear husband decides whether he will have the 7*s.* 6*d.* or 10*s.* 6*d.* dinner; the *carte du jour*, embracing all the delicacies of the season, is put before you, and you pick here and there till your united efforts have compiled a menu exactly to your liking. You know exactly what the dinner will cost; you have chosen exactly what you wish to eat. Could anything be more delightful? No more grumbling, no more wrinkled brows and frowns; all is peace and happiness ineffable.

Need I say one word more, fair dames, in praise of this happy innovation at the Gaiety? And are you not quite prepared for the news that—short as is the time that has elapsed since its introduction—it is already "the talk of the town"?

Photo *Bolas*

THE GRAND SALON OF THE GAIETY RESTAURANT

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs JACK MAY

Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street

This, of course, as you will long ago have perceived, is our Hunting Number. Now, let me admit straightway that I do not hunt, neither do I wish to hunt, though, happily, a lingering remembrance of a day when the world only existed for that pursuit grants me understanding of the joy it is to the enthusiast. Therefore, on receiving instruction to fall into the spirit of the issue, I hied me direct to Mr. Thomas, who holds probably the largest hunting *clientèle*, and is, consequently, particularly well versed in all that pertains to the styles affected by the leading hunting cliques. How the slight changes that occur each succeeding season come about is well known to Mr. Thomas, who is, moreover, frequently instrumental in advancing a good move, or deterring the limits of one not entirely orthodox.

His leading hunting cloth for the present year is striped Angola, in a series of dark greys, one or two peculiarly pleasing invisible greens, and safe browns. It is probable, moreover, that a few faint-checked cloths will be adopted with white kersey vests; the check—or plaid, perhaps, is the better term—is scarcely apparent, but just serves to break up the surface pleasantly. The coat of the season is quite tight fitting, a faithful pictorial record being offered here. The distinguishing feature of the front is the long rever, carried almost to the waist, over a slip vest of white cloth, surmounted by a velvet collar. The whole habit is built in one of the above striped grey Angolas, the usual heavy weight being employed for the skirt, which latter is Mr. Thomas's renowned safety apron, a model that, with characteristic acumen, he has left without alteration for some seasons. Truly, you cannot better perfection.

Two ladies' riding coats
(*Sketched at Messrs. Thomas's by Dorothy Hardy*)

Ride-Astride Habit

On the other hand, has Mr. Thomas perforce risen to the expounding of the ride-astride habit. A certain well-known sporting duchess will be the first essayer of Mr. Thomas's excellent design, comprising breeches and a long coat, the skirt whereof is devised to enclose each limb separately. And more than that I am not disposed to divulge, other than that

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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

the effect when worn even surpasses the clever designer's most ardent aspirations.

It may not be generally known that at 32, Brook Street all the hunting accessories of ties and gloves are forthcoming at particularly reasonable rates, such as a full washing stock, only 5*s.* 6*d.*, and the new Saxe gloves For driving to the meets, a speciality fur-lined coat is provided, the interior of sable-dyed musquash, and collar and cuffs of real beaver. This wrap is cut as a full sacque, and it would be impossible to conceive any garment more perfectly adapted to the destined end. From every point of view may Mr. Thomas be regarded as the *premier tailleur des dames* for hunting garb.

Paquin, Dover Street

Quite especially original, even for the great Paquin, were the gowns designed for Mrs. Ralph Yorke, *née* Miss Herschell. To this great French house was entrusted the wedding-dress, which scarcely lends itself to adequate description, the whole confection of *mousseline de soie* and rich Honiton lace resting for its success on artistic outline, the waist just a little shortened beneath a belt of white satin, richly embroidered in silver.

The going-away gown, pictured here, was of pale mauve *souple* cloth, the back arranged Empire, below a dainty corsage of narrow striped velvet and soft satin, that opened on the simplest vest of white tucked Bishops' lawn, a *plisse* grandfather's frill defining the centre. And with this was worn the long cloth coat shown in the sketch, the deep collar and cuffs to the wide sleeves ornamented with silk *passementerie* and immensely effective gold buttons. Eminently Paquin, and indescribably *chic*, was an evening toilette of black *velours*—a *souple* quality — absolutely unadorned, the corsage, however, affording a wholly unexpected outline, through the medium of *fichu* draperies, arranged in one with the short cape sleeves, over a chemisette and under-draperies of white tulle. Given so pronounced a Paquin lead as this, there can be no shadow of doubt remaining as to the vogue of the severe evening toilette of velvet.

Mrs. Ralph Yorke's going-away dress

(*Sketched at Paquin's, Dover Street, by K. Pleydel Young*)

A Tartan Invasion

There is no escaping this, and frankly, considerably to my astonishment, I find myself, for the first time, with no desire to evade the edict. A considerable fascination, indeed, surrounds some kilted tartan skirts, quite orthodox conceptions, even to the small flat silk rosettes and ends, denoting the side entrance, that look equally well worn with a cloth coatee or one of fur. While those who object to the weight of the kilt, have the alternative of a smart gored model. And it is no small thing, let me tell you, to match all the lines of an intricate plaid to a nicety. Plaid silk braids are to be observed seductively draped about plain cloths, the two hinting a persuasive costume, while the millinery world is finding insistent service for these tartan braids, applied both to shapes of velvet and felt.

Apropos of millinery, I have to recall the marked revival of camellias, a single choice bloom frequently posing as the *pièce de resistance* of a velvet *chapeau*. There is, too, a wonderfully realistic presentment of fuchsias, and, of course, dahlias, with the strong *penchant* that prevails for their peculiar tints, are well to the fore, together with grey marguerites, a very recent Parisian fad that is going particularly strong in the most exclusive millinery circles. It is wholly superfluous in these days to fuss about possessing real flowers, the counterfeit presentments are so extraordinarily life-like, added to which, many of the posies destined for dress-wear are supplied with sachets, ingeniously hidden, filled with suitable sachet powder. Of a fact, the resourcefulness of modern days is unparalleled in history.

Madame Rita, 21, Princes St., W.

It is frequently a source of wonderment to dull, unimaginative women, who plod along on the given lines of the little dressmaker, how others of their sex, on presumably similar incomes, contrive to possess such extraordinarily attractive clothes, clothes that even the dullest brains are able to estimate at something near their relative value. It is a secret only too closely kept, and here am I prepared to give it away in the name of Mme. Rita, who controls admittedly one of the most successful Exchange Bureaux in Town.

Additionally to which there are constant consignments of French and Viennese models, that, having served their end of securing orders, are speedily annexed by Mme. Rita, who demands that they shall be delivered in perfect condition, and who ultimately is able to retail them, at a profit to herself, at about, roughly speaking, one-fourth the original cost. As to the profits of her *clientèle*, words fail to tell that, since those of quite average income are placed on an equal footing with their more generously endowed sisters.

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(*as Sketch*)

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Automobile Topics

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

The Blackpool Meeting

I am sorry that I cannot deal at length with the Blackpool Meeting this week, but owing to this issue containing our Special Annual Hunting Supplement, it has been necessary to go to press a little earlier than usual with these pages. It has not been necessary, however, to exclude all reference to this important meeting, as will be seen on turning to the centre pages, where a pictorial record of the doings at Blackpool last week will be found. I think this paper is to be congratulated on obtaining such a result, considering the shortness of time available.

* * *

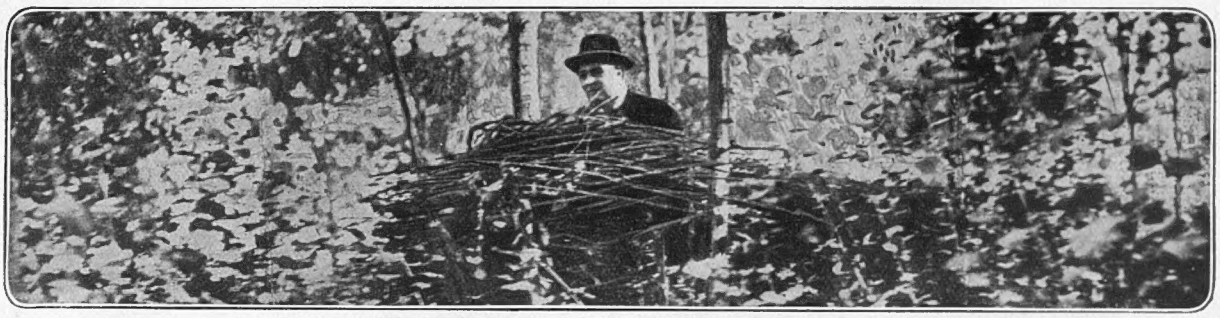
A Plea for the "A.A."

Considering the extremely useful nature of its aims, and the highly efficient manner in which these are furthered, it is matter for some regret that the Automobile Association does not receive more support from automobilists than it at present enjoys. True, the "A.A." is comparatively a newcomer among those organisations which appeal to the motoring public, and may be said to have made fairly rapid strides in already attaining a membership roll some fifteen hundred strong; but having regard to thousands of car-owners who have at one time or another benefited by the work of the Association, and the smallness of the subscription, the result is not quite so satisfactory. Colonel N. J. Bosworth and his Committee are making a special effort at this time to increase the membership of the "A.A.," and will be very pleased to enrol new members, who can communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Stenson Cooke, at 18, Fleet Street, E.C.

* * *

Concerning Direct Drive

Adherents of the principle of a direct drive on the speed at which the car most commonly runs are naturally jubilant over the two public demonstrations in favour of their theory given in the Isle of Man. The winning cars in the Tourist Trophy and *Graphic* races were both so fitted, and it must be admitted that the advantages in quietness, economy in power, and saving of wear and tear in the gear-box, claimed for this system, are daily becoming more apparent. In the "T.T." race, forty-two of the cars entered had direct drives on third or fourth speeds, and of the nine which finished, all but one. This is a very striking testimonial, and it is interesting to note the various claims to credit for the adaptation now being put forward in the technical Press. Automobilious antiquarians may remember that so long ago as 1901 there appeared a little Renault voiturette with a direct drive, which was handicapped, however, by having a separate shaft for each combination of speeds, and the gears had to be brought into mesh like the back gear of a modern lathe. About the same time Mr. Montague Napier designed a direct drive in which the gears slid into mesh with an action longitudinal to their shafts, and in 1902 the seal of success was stamped upon the invention when the Napier racer won the Gordon Bennett Cup. Subsequently, a similar system has been freely adopted by leading British and Continental makers, the non-contents representing, for the most part, vested interests in other forms of transmission. The Mors, and one or two other firms, have adopted a somewhat different form of direct drive, and as the matter is one of considerable interest to the motoring community, I shall be pleased to give publicity to the views of any BYSTANDER readers who have gained practical experience of the working of the various forms of transmission I have indicated.



A nestling on the watch

Motorphobic police on the Portsmouth Road between Ripley and Guildford built this nest, which was discovered by Colonel Bosworth, chairman of the Automo ile Association, who promptly snapped it

* * *

Paraffin and Petrol

"Really," remarked a friend the other day, "if the price of petrol continues to rise, as at present, I shall be compelled to give up motoring altogether." Most of us are of the same way of thinking, and as of necessity the supply of petrol must always remain limited, it behoves us to encourage those pioneers who are working towards the perfection of the high

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speed heavy oil motor. I have recently been favoured with details of some experiments which have been conducted by a well-known firm of motor engineers that appear to promise very well, and in due course I hope to be able to give full particulars thereof. Meantime, I may say that the lines upon which most experiments have been carried out hitherto run towards modifications of existing types of engines, so as to enable paraffin to be employed with the same degree of success as now characterises the use of petrol. Heretofore, experimentalists have devoted themselves to the development of vapourisers for use with ordinary engines, but in the case of which I write, quite another line has been adopted. I shall keep readers of THE BYSTANDER informed as to the progress of these highly interesting trials.

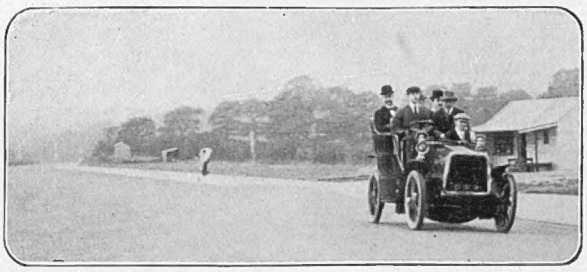

Photo *Topical Agency*

The dust problem

Trial of Tanfuel, a dustless road material, at Westcliff-on-Sea

* * *

Miscellanea

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Major Bucks,—Your letter has been forwarded to Messrs. Harvey, Frost and Co., 39, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.—Mr. W. S. Butler, Marlborough, has been replied to by post.

In the Reigate district a policeman was "spotted" wearing a yellow arm badge, similar to that worn by the Automobile Association scouts when on patrol duty.—Tanfuel, a new and highly satisfactory dustless road preparation, can be laid down at an initial cost of 3*s.* a square yard. Dustroy, Limited, of 13, Henrietta Street, W.C., are the manufacturers.—A suggestion to hold next year's Tourist Trophy and *Graphic* races over the old G. B. course in Ireland is being strongly advocated in the Emerald Isle.—Bioscope views of the Blackpool races are to be seen at the Palace Theatre, London.—The Vanderbilt Cup, won by Wagner on a 100 h.-p. Darracq, is the last speed contest to be held in Long Island, U.S.A.—Homburg and the Taunus course are likely to be the scene of the termination of next year's touring race for the Herkomer Trophy.—Leather straps to fasten accumulators should be avoided; the slightest touch of acid causes the leather to rot.—Dunlop tyres scored their principal success of the year when Wagner won the Vanderbilt Cup.—The Duchess of Bedford, the Marquis of Linlithgow, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Albemarle, Craven, Londesborough, and Guildford, Lord Stanley, Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, Sir David Salomons, and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, are among the latest recruits to the "A.A."—A Motor Volunteer Corps is to be formed in Russia.

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